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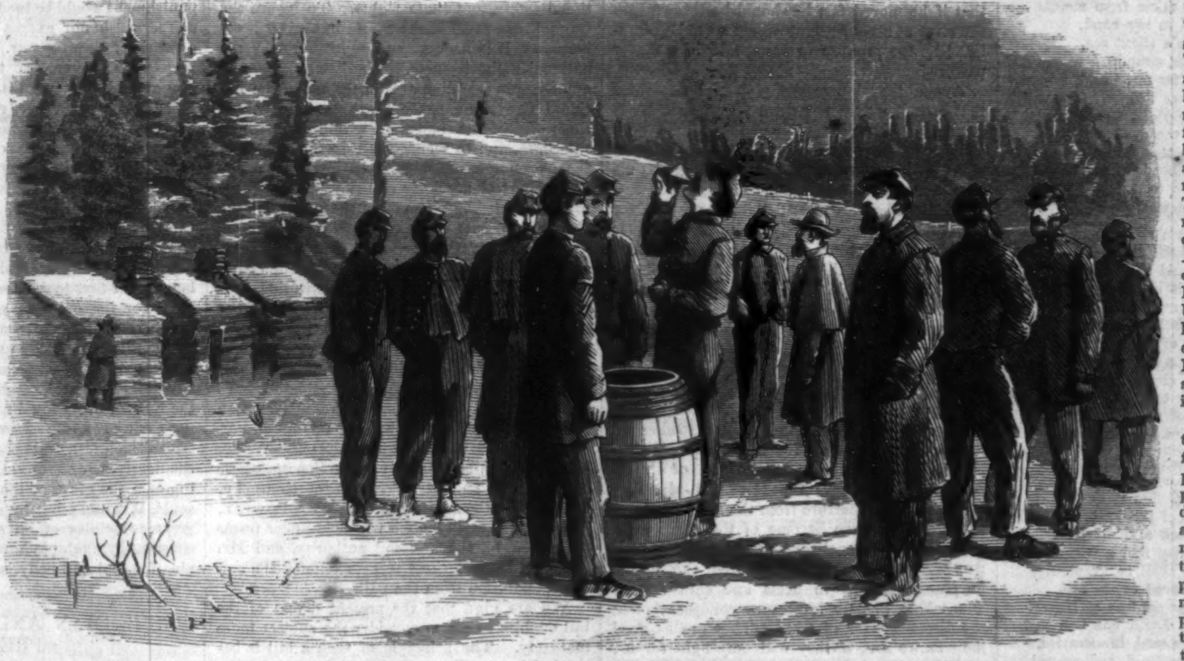
CAPTURE OF WILMINGTON.

THE City of Wilmington was captured by the combined forces of General SCHOFIELD and General TERRY, with the co-operation of Admiral PORTER's fleet, on the 22d of February, WASHINGTON's birthday. Fort Anderson was evacuated by the enemy on February 19. General SCHOFIELD, with 8000 men, had advanced against this work from Smithville on the 17th, while PORTER opened a bombardment from the water. The Monitor *Montauk* was placed close up to the works, and four gun-boats enfiladed the fort with their fire. On the 18th PORTER moved up closer to the enemy, and was able to bring fifteen vessels into the engagement. At 3 o'clock P.M. the batteries in the fort were silenced. COX's division of SCHOFIELD's corps had in the mean time got into position in the rear of the enemy. AMES's division of TERRY's army was in co-operation. This manœuvre led the garrison of the fort, which numbered about 3000 men, under General HOKE, to abandon the work. Twelve heavy guns were taken with the fort, and a large supply of ammunition. The line of works occupied by the enemy stretched from Fort Anderson, on Cape Fear River, across to Masonboro. This line, of course, had now to be abandoned.

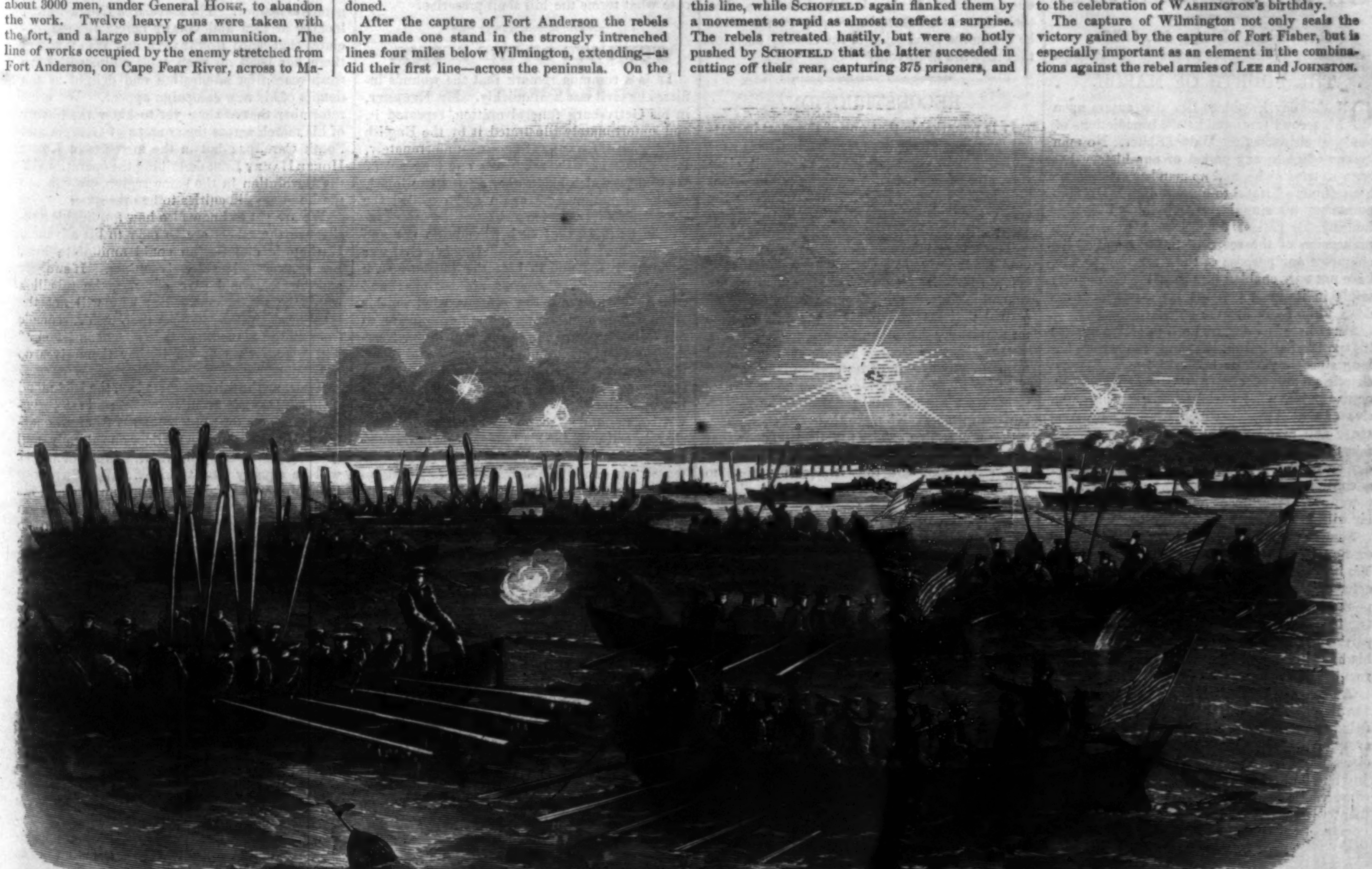
After the capture of Fort Anderson the rebels only made one stand in the strongly intrenched lines four miles below Wilmington, extending—as did their first line—across the peninsula. On the morning of the 20th TERRY pressed hard against this line, while SCHOFIELD again flanked them by a movement so rapid as almost to effect a surprise. The rebels retreated hastily, but were so hotly pushed by SCHOFIELD that the latter succeeded in cutting off their rear, capturing 375 prisoners, and two guns. Admiral PORTER's fleet contributed greatly to this result.—TERRY then advanced against the enemy's last line of works. On the morning of the 22d he found that these works had been abandoned, and at the head of his army marched into the city. There was considerable manifestation of loyalty on the part of the citizens. About 700 prisoners were captured and 30 guns. Four or five hundred Union prisoners were released. The One Hundred and Fourth Ohio Regiment has been assigned to do provost duty in the city.

The fleet, after the capture of Fort Anderson, found the river above that point infested with torpedoes. Admiral PORTER dispatched a fleet of boats, about 30 in number, and manned with our gallant tars, up the river, to explore and buoy the channel and to clear it of torpedoes. We have illustrated this expedition in the subjoined cut. When the fleet reached Wilmington on the 22d the later portion of the day was devoted by our sailors to the celebration of WASHINGTON's birthday.

The capture of Wilmington not only seals the victory gained by the capture of Fort Fisher, but is especially important as an element in the combinations against the rebel armies of LEE and JOHNSTON.



BEFORE PETERSBURG—ISSUING RATIONS OF WHISKY AND QUININE.—[SKETCHED BY A. W. WARREN.]



ADMIRAL PORTER'S BOATS REMOVING TORPEDOES AND BUOYING THE CHANNEL IN CAPE FEAR RIVER.

THE ANGELS' SONG.

I know I have heard them sing, Child,
And I know that they spoke to me,
With my mother's arms about me,
While I sat on my mother's knee;
And she told me of love that saved us,
And a Father we had on high,
And the grave that we need not fear, Child,
And the soul that can never die,
In the gleam of the summer lime-trees,
In the glow of the summer's day,
And I heard them singing faintly then,
For their voices were far away.

Again, when I walked with the Loved one—
You remember the Loved one, dear—
And the smile that is gone from among us,
And the voice that we must not hear,
The voice was so tender and earnest,
That joy was too deep for mirth,
And my heart was too full for speech, Child,
And Heaven had come down on Earth.
Not a drop in the cup seemed wanting,
The thirst of a life to fill,
And farther and fainter the song died out—
But I heard the Angels still.

Then the Loved one was taken from me,
And I bowed my head in my hand,
For my bark was free on a silent sea,
And I was alone on the strand.
The day had gone down for me, Child,
The light of my life was fled,
And I longed for the sleep of an endless night,
And to lay me beside the dead;
Then I clung to the arm that smote me,
With a prayer from a bended knee,
And my heart climbed up to meet the song,
And the song floated down to me.

I have heard them so often since, dear,
At church on the Sabbath morn,
When the organ swells, and the praise goes up,
That "To us a Child is born;"
And here in the hush of my home-life,
And there where the little ones play,
And once in the tremble of twilight,
At the turn of the night and the day.
Each time they call in a clearer strain,
They sing in a sweeter tone,
And I look for the Reaper to house the grain,
And the Master to claim his own.

I know it will not be long, Child,
For they bid me home at last,
To the place where the pledge of the Future
Is linked on the Love of the Past,
Where the lonely may seek a shelter,
Where the friendless may find a friend,
Where the heart's desire shall be granted
That has trusted and loved to the end,
Where there's fruit in the gardens of Heaven,
From the hope that on Earth was betrayed,
Where there's rest for the soul, life-wearied,
That has striven, and suffered, and prayed.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, March 11, 1865.

THE FOURTH OF MARCH.

On this day President Lincoln enters upon his second term amidst the benedictions of the loyal citizens of the United States. No man in any office at any period of our history has been so tried as he, and no man has ever shown himself more faithful to a great duty. His temperament, his singular sagacity, his inflexible honesty, his patient persistence, his clear comprehension of the scope of the war and of the character and purpose of the American people, have not only enabled him to guide the country safely in its most perilous hour, but have endeared him forever to the popular heart.

Party hate has dashed itself to pieces against his spotless patriotism. Friendly impatience has long since hushed its hot criticism. Foreign skepticism and affected contempt at length recognize in him a purely characteristic representative of that America which conquers by good sense and moral fidelity. The history of the first term of his administration is the story of a desperate and prodigious civil war waged over a continent, and revealing the unprecedented power of a Government founded upon the popular will.

Such a war necessarily clothes the chief executive magistrate with extraordinary power. Yet it is the most significant tribute to the character of Mr. Lincoln that his exercise of that power has been so temperate and so purely patriotic that after four years' experience of it parties crumble away, and he is continued in his high office by the hearty confidence of the vast body of the people.

And that he is to-day inaugurated amidst universal applause, that the nation has not been deluded by the vehement party assaults which every civil war makes so practicable and specious, but has known and approved a man so just and faithful, is the noblest proof of the truly conservative character of that popular Government with which the name of Abraham Lincoln will henceforth be associated.

AT THE CONFESSIONAL.

We commend to our Copperhead friends, who have always sneered at the policy of enlisting colored soldiers, the report prepared by an Adjutant of General Lee's. Now that the rebels concede the valor and value of such troops their allies at the North will agree that they are most excellent material for an army. Fort Wagner, Milliken's Bend, Port Hudson, and every field upon which black troops have fought, could not prove their bravery and discipline; but the word of Lee's Adjutant will doubtless convince those who have never had any opinions until they received them from slave-drivers.

The paper of which we speak cites the conduct of the colored soldiers in our army, as well as the experience of every nation by which they have been employed, as proof of their peculiar fitness for the service. But the remarkable point of the document, which contains nothing new to those who are familiar with the question, is the admission throughout of the bitter wrong of slavery.

The plan proposes to give immediate freedom to those who do best, not the promise of freedom at the end of the war to all who fight. This is offered as the highest conceivable incitement to bravery and fidelity. But how can it be so if the blacks were made for slaves, and are happy and contented in that condition? What kind of an incitement would it be to an ox to tell him that if he moved fast he should be thrown into the river at night? How would a fish be stimulated by the promise of being laid in a clover pasture?

Again, the plan argues elaborately to show that a soldier does not think; that an army is a machine; that discipline makes a man fight equally well upon any side. But what is the point of the argument? Slavery being the divine appointment for all men of African descent, and being also the most delightful position for them, why rely upon discipline to prevent their thinking? The more they think they are fighting to perpetuate their bondage the more heroically they will behave, if it be true that they are born for it.

Since this debate was opened among the rebels, every word they say has convicted them of the consciousness of the foul injustice of slavery. It disproves every thing they have asserted about the colored race; and how thoroughly contemptible it leaves the Northern toadies of the delectable system! What says Bishop Hopkins to this flying in the face of Providence? What says the Reverend Mr. Van Dyck to this departure from the divine ordination? What have become of the curse upon Ham, and the conclusive precedent of Onesimus? Whither has disappeared the divine purpose indicated in heels and shin-bones? The whole ghastly imposture collapses before the dire necessity of facts. They are as good men as we are, if they will only fight for us, cry the pale rebel chiefs as they feel the wind rushing before the coming of Sherman.

Meanwhile let the gentle Copperheads ponder one question. If the slave-lords confess that their chattels are fit to be free, how long will it be before the good sense of the country declares that they are fit to vote?

RECONSTRUCTION.

It is remarkable that one of the most important questions of the war was lately decided for the present in Congress by an extremely close vote, and almost without exciting public attention. The bill for reconstruction, involving the very consequences of the war, was lost by a majority of five or six.

There is certainly no subject upon which the public mind should be more fully enlightened before legislative action than this, and therefore we can not regret the present postponement of a final decision, which gives the country time for ampler consideration.

One thing is clear. Whatever the special terms of any system of restoration may be, and whether there be one law covering all cases or not, yet the essential point must be the security of peace. No mere theory of the Constitution will suffice. The practical point is that the nation, after the tremendous struggle for its life, shall take care that it does not yield to political arts what arms have not been able to extort from it.

Fernando Wood gives us the rebel theory of solving the question. "Congress has no power to make conditions on which a State may resume its position in the Union. Whenever the people of a State shall lay down their arms and recognize the Federal Constitution and laws, and send representatives to Congress, I should like to see the power which would prevent the return of those States." Here we have the rebel view of the matter, and Fernando Wood having said what he thinks we should do, every loyal American citizen knows exactly what ought not to be done.

It is for the Government, not for the rebels, to decide when it may withdraw its troops and when it is no longer in danger from rebellion. This is a point which can not be determined by oaths, but by experience. The Government must decide what tests to employ. It is not bound to remove its troops from a region full of rebels, nor is it to assume that they are loyal because they say so. As the national army advances it recovers the various States. Provisional Governors will be of necessity appointed. They hold by the national authority. They summon the people to an election, and, of necessity, they determine by the same authority who shall vote and under what conditions. This or anarchy is the alternative.

In any system of restoration whatever, which contemplates permanent order and actual quiet, the national Government takes the initiative, and holds the State until it is satisfied that with perfect safety to the country its hold may be relaxed. The practical question is, therefore, what tests are satisfactory. Is it enough that the voters swear allegiance to the Government? Is it enough that emancipation be accepted by the State Legislatures? Is it necessary to disfranchise certain classes? Is it necessary to enfranchise certain other classes?

But whatever may be decided upon these points one end is paramount—the national safety; and the whole movement proceeds by one authority, that of the nation. Of course it is exceptional. Of course it is abnormal. Of course it would be absurd to say that in a time of profound peace the national Government could altogether supersede the State authority. But of course it would be still more absurd to contend that in the settlement of this civil war it could not. The engrossing consideration now is national safety, not State rights. To insure the tranquil operation of the States in their spheres hereafter, it is necessary to adjust them by the national authority now. The loyal citizens of any State in rebellion are, in the eye of the national Government, the State; and to defend them against the conspiracy within and without the State, and to secure them in their defense, the national Government will justly do whatever the vital necessity of the case, not State precedent, demands. And of that necessity the Government is the judge.

The bill reported by Mr. Ashley was lost, as we understand, for two reasons. The Opposition voted against it as an unconstitutional invasion of State rights, and some friends of the Administration because they did not like its terms. The bill seemed to some of these last too sweeping in disfranchisement, and to others unjust because it did not allow the black population to vote. Consequently so radical a Union man as Mr. Julian, of Indiana, was found voting upon the same side with Fernando Wood. There is a similar anomaly in the Senate, where Mr. Sumner and Mr. Powell, of Kentucky, both oppose the Louisiana bill. Mr. Powell, because the State election was held under terms prescribed by the national authority, and Mr. Sumner, because those terms excluded the colored population from the polls.

We are glad that the present defeat of the bill enables us all to consider the subject more maturely. The principle of such a bill is beyond debate. Congress would be treacherous or imbecile if it did not provide for the inevitable emergency. Public opinion must now indicate what terms the bill shall prescribe.

THE FATE OF THE REBELS.

It is a common remark that the wounds inflicted by civil war heal quickly. Mr. Everett, in his Gettysburg funeral oration, repeated it, and unfortunately illustrated it by the English restoration of Charles Second—unfortunately, because Charles's reign was one long act of vengeance, which his brother James continued, until the nation rose again and expelled the Stuarts forever.

The truth is, that such wounds do not and can not heal quickly. The English civil war began in 1642; and in 1745 the Jacobites took arms again. The reasons are obvious; and equally obvious are the reasons why, in this country, we should be as gentle and humane in our feelings toward the rebels, and in our treatment of them, as firmness of purpose and security of settlement will allow. As we have constantly said, there has been no vindictive feeling upon the part of the loyal nation since the war began; and although the President has been sharply censured for his tender heart and incessant pardons and modifications of severe sentences, his conduct has responded to the deepest popular feeling. The long national forbearance under the tragical sufferings of our prisoners in rebel hands shows how perfectly clear of hatred or anger the public mind is.

This disposition will deepen with increasing victory, and the danger is not that we shall punish too relentlessly, but that we shall imperil the result which the war should secure. Magnanimity is neither forgetfulness nor weakness, and firmness is not revenge. For a just solution of this terrible struggle, it is essential that every man bear constantly in mind the inexpressible wickedness of the system for which the insurrection was long prepared and the utter criminality of its leaders. For more than a generation they aimed at the debauchery of the national conscience. For all that time they devoted every power and opportunity to confusing the sense of right and wrong in the nation, and to corrupting the fundamental principles of the Government. To this end they appealed to all that is basest in human nature. They made the name of the United States hated as a bully abroad and a slave-driver at home. They created that public sentiment in the governments of Europe that hailed our probable destruction with delight. At home they annihilated the most fundamental constitutional rights of free speech and equal citizenship; and when they thought that the national mind was sufficiently enervated and corrupted they drew the sword, believing that the mere sight of its edge would compel the quaking nation to terrified submission to their will.

These are the crimes of the leaders of the rebellion, and they are crimes that can never be safely forgotten. Those leaders are to be remembered not for the blood of the war, not for the young and noble of every section of the country whom they have sacrificed, not for the broken hearts and wasted homes and desolate land, not for the war, but for that conduct and purpose which made the war inevitable. The Earl of Strafford did more than any single man to precipitate the struggle between Charles First and the Parliament. Strafford was executed before a drop of blood was shed. But no student of history and human nature can rightfully condemn the extraordinary act by which he fell.

What Strafford was willing to do that the rebel leaders have done. First they corrupted the people by arts, and then they tried to overthrow the Government by arms. But Strafford's punishment would be inadequate for them. We neither wish nor expect to see a single capital execution follow the war. If England had taken Napoleon Bonaparte to the Tower and shot him at midnight in a ditch, as he murdered the Duke D'Enghien, there would have been a painful sense of total inadequacy between the offense and the penalty. Napoleon's fate had some proportion to his career. Jefferson Davis, even if he falls into the hands of the nation, will not be hung for treason. But by solemn act of Congress he should be individually and forever disfranchised as an American citizen, and then delivered to the remembrance of the country he has sought first to debase and then to destroy.

As for the great mass of the people in the Southern States, they have always been taught by their leaders to hate us, and they have learned the lesson. Only time and constant intercourse will wear away that feeling. And it is clearly the duty of every loyal man to help its removal, not by any twaddle of sentimentality about "the South" being "a great people;" not by embracing the dearly-beloved brother Quantrell, or weeping over the grave of that precious friend of our souls, Winder; but by clinging steadily to the great principles of an equal government, and showing by example how infinitely more profitable for soul and body is liberty than slavery.

SHERMAN AND THE REBEL PRESS.

Sherman continues his "retreat" from Chattanooga to Richmond. The perils of his prodigious march are plain;. but his commanding genius is plainer. The *Edinburgh Review* which, looking at him and Grant across the sea, declares that since Bonaparte and Wellington there has been no such soldiership, will have fresh reason for admiration and delight as the details of his new campaign appear. We must remember that we are yet to know the history of his march across the swamps of Georgia and South Carolina; but in the memoirs of Light Horse Harry Lee, describing the operations of the Revolution in the same region, we can see the immense difficulties to be overcome.

We are yet to know also how formidable a resistance the rebels are to offer to his advance. If rhetoric and fustian could annihilate him, Sherman would be already extinct. If swagger and bluster could save a cause, the rebellion would be triumphant. But why will not the rebel newspapers remember their own gasconade from month to month so as to affect consistency? Their readers remember if they themselves do not.

Thus, on the 6th of August last, the Richmond *Sentinel*, Davis's peculiar organ, said: "Sherman can hope for reinforcements from no quarter. His situation is a perilous one already, and growing worse every day.......Victory or defeat will be equally fatal to him.......Let Sherman gain two great victories over us, and he and his army are ours. But we will have them on cheaper and better terms. He will gain no victory. His lines of communication will be cut off. He will be compelled to attack Hood behind his intrenchments, will be defeated, and, seeing no hope of escape, he and his army will surrender at discretion. This is the most probable result; and at all events, sooner or later, and whether he captures Atlanta or not, he and his army will be captured, or cut to pieces in the attempt to retreat."

This was on the 6th of August, three weeks before Sherman took Atlanta. On the 22d of February, a week after he occupied Columbia, in South Carolina, the Richmond *Examiner* said: "He may march through South Carolina to Charlotte or to Wilmington; but he conquers nothing, he holds nothing. His expeditions are destructive but not subjugating. The first mistake ruins him, the first check becomes a defeat, a rout, and will prove the destruction of his army."

Is the *Examiner* probably any wiser on the 22d of February than the *Sentinel* was on the 6th of August? Do the newspapers expect to save the rebellion by eternally prophesying disaster to Sherman? He knew, says the *Examiner*, that all the fighting men were gone out of

South Carolina, leaving scarcely enough to carry on the government of the State. But there's a lion in his path. Very well. We do not deny that there may be. We know the extreme uncertainty of war. But if South Carolina be, as the *Examiner* says, abandoned to old women, why does it say in another article in the same number that "the progress of Sherman through South Carolina almost unopposed, the fall of Columbia without the slightest resistance, the swiftness of the enemy's movements, and the apparent outgeneralship of the Confederate commander, has created very serious apprehensions on the part of the public as to the military condition in that State?" But why so? If, as the *Examiner* insists, there are only "graybeards, old women, and little children," left in the State, why should not Sherman's progress be almost unopposed? and why should the failure of graybeards and little children to stop the march of a great army and an able soldier create serious apprehensions as to the military situation?

The discrepancy betrays the falsehood. It was evidently supposed that Beauregard would make a stand in South Carolina. That he did not alarms the Richmond leaders. Forced to account for Sherman's unimpeded progress they declare the State emptied of its fighting population, but in the same breath whisper their surprise and alarm.

We know how critical such a campaign as this of General Sherman's is. We know how many and unexpected are the chances of war. We exhort every friend to hold his mind equal to sudden reverse and disappointment. But at the same time we beg him not to suffer his heart to be dismayed by the insinuations, head-shakings, and prophecies of the rebel press.

LOSS AND GAIN.

The rebel newspapers in Richmond not only profess to regard the recent successes of the national arms as blessings in disguise, but they insist that it is a fortunate event for the rebellion that it is deprived of its sea-ports. Even the loss of Wilmington they assert will merely compel them to develop their own resources.

Let us take them at their word. Let us concede that it is an advantage to the rebellion to be shut out from the coast entirely. But if it be, why was it not always so? And if it were, then the holding of the coast has been a military error. Or will it be said that it was necessary to hold it for some time in order to get foreign supplies of arms, and that now having enough they can safely lose it? But granting this, the ports were as useful for sending out as for taking in. The expenses of the rebel war must be paid in some way. It has never been pretended they could be paid by an internal tax. The great resource is cotton. The very last financial plan of the rebels contemplates the sale of "Government cotton on hand." But with the ports all closed, how is the cotton to be sold! The rebels have received arms and supplies from Europe, and their foreign loan has been based upon cotton. The closing of the ports cuts off the supply of cotton. The failure of the cotton by their own showing, therefore, spoils their whole financial plan.

But there is another view. Look at the port of Wilmington again. The rebels inform us that it is no disadvantage to them to lose it. Suppose that we grant it. Is it no advantage to us to gain it? That is a consideration for them quite as important as the other. It is not a question to argue. The map settles it. Take the situation of the campaign. See what Sherman is doing. See where Grant is. Wilmington is an empty shell, shout the rebels. But do they suppose that it is considered valuable to us in itself? Wilmington is worthless as a capture, for this is not a war of conquest or aggrandizement in the usual sense. But Wilmington is invaluable as a base for a great army advancing through North Carolina and co-operating with another before Richmond.

Even if it were true that it is an advantage for the rebellion to lose it, it is no less an advantage for us to gain it. And the moral is not less than the military advantage. As Dr. Draper well said in his late lecture, there is no force like an idea. It is not the sword alone that ends every war; it is the sense of the power of the sword. That consciousness conquers the mind, and then mere muscle relaxes.

EXCHANGE OF PRISONERS.

When General Grant announced that the exchange of prisoners was now left entirely to him we were very sure that he would not be unjust to any soldier that defends our flag, and we are therefore not surprised to read in a late letter from City Point to the *Herald* that "the first lot of negro soldiers exchanged during the war, fourteen in number, were delivered to Lieutenant-Colonel Mulford yesterday among a lot of white soldiers. If left to act unofficially there is no question but that the Confederate authorities will gladly exchange negroes for white men; but if called upon to recognize the rightful status of a black soldier, in any official form other than [illegible] they will probably decline to do so." This action of the rebels is taken unquestionably because they intend to put colored soldiers into the field, and reflect that, if the rule is that such men are not to be exchanged, it is a rule that will work both ways.

SHERMAN'S ACCURACY.

On the day before Sherman moved from Dalton upon his march through Georgia, a gentleman at his head-quarters wrote, "We go to-morrow. You will hear of us on the coast at Christmas." He ate his Christmas dinner in Savannah. On January 31st, the day before the present movement began, the same gentleman wrote, "You will hear of us in three weeks from the coast of North Carolina." On the 22d of February Wilmington was evacuated, and Sherman's base was established upon the coast of Carolina.

MR. CHILDS AND THE PHILADELPHIA "LEDGER."

It is a good thing for the public when a good newspaper falls into good hands: and therefore we record with satisfaction that the Philadelphia *Ledger*, one of the most popular journals in the country, has passed from the hands of Mr. Swain, originally a printer's boy and the founder of the great success of the *Ledger*, into those of the well-known publisher, George W. Childs.

Mr. Childs's energy, tenacity, skill, and practical genius have been conspicuously displayed as a publisher; and his shrewd knowledge of the popular taste, and of the conditions of an influential journal, will heighten the singular prosperity of the *Ledger*. His unswerving patriotism secures the fidelity of the paper to the great interests which are at stake in this war, and his discreet and genial temper assure the public of the urbanity with which all opinions will be expressed. The business circulation of the *Ledger* is immense. Its daily issues are not less than seventy thousand, and it goes to every part of the community. We cordially wish Mr. Childs a continuance in his new relation of that success which he has fairly achieved in his old.

BOUND VOLUMES.

For a short time the Publishers have been unable to supply the orders which they have constantly received for complete sets of "Harper's Weekly," some of the Numbers having become exhausted. These have been reprinted, and the Publishers can now furnish any or all of the bound Volumes, eight in all. Each Volume contains the Numbers for a year, commencing with the 1st of January. The price of each Volume, neatly bound in muslin and lettered, is *Seven Dollars*. They can not be sent by mail, the weight of the Volumes being greater than is allowed by law to go through the Post-Office. They will be sent by Express, freight paid by the Publishers, for the above sum.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE SITUATION.

The rebel papers in Richmond have been prohibited from publishing the news of Sherman's movements northward. The *Times* Washington correspondent estimates the army opposed to Sherman, which is reported to be under the command of General Joseph Johnston, at about 30,000 men, made up as follows: from Savannah 8000; from Charleston 5000; from Wilmington 6000; in various parts of North Carolina 8000; 7500 cavalry under Wheeler and Butler. It is not likely that any of the rebel army of the Tennessee is north of Sherman. General Thomas's Western campaign for the possession of Mobile, Selma, and Montgomery, and the perfect occupation of the line of the Alabama River is in active progress. We shall soon hear of its developments.

The House has passed the Enrollment Act. Congress has spent a good portion of its present session in the consideration of projects for reconstructing the South. A bill has passed the House extending the forfeiture of the real estate of rebels beyond the limits of their natural lives. A resolution has been under discussion to recognize the present State Government of Louisiana. Projects of this kind arise from an undue haste to secure the ratification of the Constitutional Amendment.

There is no important news from abroad.

CONGRESS.

February 22:

In the Senate, the House bill to build a ship canal around Niagara, and the bill to construct a canal connecting Lake Michigan with the Mississippi River, were reported back, with a joint resolution as a substitute for both, authorizing surveys to be made with a view to the construction of these works. A bill was passed to amend the Copyright Law so as to authorize the copyrighting of photographs; also to require that a copy of every book copyrighted in the United States shall be forwarded to the library of Congress, a failure to do which forfeiting the copyright.

In the House, A. P. Field was brought before the bar and reprimanded for his recent assault on Mr. Kelley. The Senate resolution freeing the wives and children of colored soldiers was passed.

February 23:

In the Senate, Mr. Sumner's substitute for the report of the Judiciary Committee on the reconstruction of the government in insurrectionary States was rejected by a large majority. This substitute would have excluded the Southern States from representation until that privilege should be accorded them by a law of Congress.

In the House, the bill repealing the law which prohibits the forfeiture of the real estate of rebels beyond their natural lives was passed by a majority of one. In the evening session the Indian Appropriation bill was passed.

February 24:

In the Senate, the bill granting $300 to the surviving heroes of the Revolution was passed. The Fortification bill was passed, the appropriations being cut down one half.

In the House, the Senate joint resolution directing inquiry into the condition of the Indian tribes was passed.

February 25:

In the Senate, the joint resolution recognizing the State Government of Louisiana was taken up and debated throughout the entire session.

In the House, a resolution of inquiry was passed as to the number of rebel prisoners who had enlisted into our service.

February 27:

In the Senate, the Conference reports on the Army and Navy Appropriation bills were agreed to.

In the House, the Fortification bill was returned from the Senate, and the amendment, reducing the appropriations one-half, was concurred in. The Enrollment bill was passed. One section of this bill provides that no person of foreign birth, who has resided in the United States for three years preceding his arrival at the age of twenty-one years, shall be exempt from enrollment and draft on account of being an alien. The remaining sections provide that the mustering in of a substitute shall be conclusive in favor of the principal, and exempt him from military service for the term for which he was drafted. Assistant Provost Marshal Generals are to be appointed by the President, and chargeable with the duties intermediate between the Provost Marshal General and the District Provost Marshal. Any person who has been or may be drafted for one year, but who has furnished an acceptable substitute for three years, shall be exempt for this period of time. It shall not be lawful for any person to engage in the business of procuring recruits or substitutes for money or profit without having first obtained from the Secretary of War authority in writing. The party is to file proof of his loyalty and good character, and give bond to the amount of $50,000 that he will faithfully observe and obey the laws and regulations in force governing the obtaining of recruits or substitutes. Any recruiting agent who causes to be enlisted any insane person, or convict, or person under indictment for felony, is to be punished by fine and imprisonment; and any officer knowingly mustering any deserter, or insane person, or persons in a condition of intoxication, or any minor, without the consent of his parents or guardians, shall, on conviction, be dishonorably dismissed the service. Principals who put in insufficient substitutes are to be notified of the fact, in order that their places may be properly supplied, provided that notice be given to such principals within thirty days. In addition to the other lawful penalties of the crime of desertion from military or naval service, all persons who have deserted, who shall not return or report themselves to a Provost Marshal within sixty days, shall be deemed and taken to have voluntarily relinquished and forfeited their rights of citizenship and their right to become citizens; and all persons who shall hereafter desert on being duly enrolled, or shall depart from the jurisdiction and go beyond the limits of the United States with intent to avoid any draft duly ordered, shall be liable to the penalties of this section, and the President is authorized to issue his proclamation that he will pardon those who return and serve out their original term. This act is to take effect from and after its passage; and nothing therein is to depart from, or interfere with, or postpone the pending draft, or the quotas assigned therefor. The bill repeals the 3d section of the enrollment law, which authorizes Governors of States to send recruiting agents into the rebel States.

February 28:

In the Senate, the House resolution to purchase a painting of Mr. Powell for $25,000 was passed. The Tax Finance Committee's proposition to tax Savings' Banks the same as banks of issue was agreed to.

In the House, the Six Million Loan Bill was passed.

THE CAPTURE OF CHARLESTON.

On the 10th of February General Schemmelfinnig's troops of Gillmore's command, between three and four thousand strong, crossed over from Folly and Cole's Islands to James Island, where they effected a lodgment three miles southwest of Charleston. The enemy was found in force about a mile distant, at Grimball's, on Stono River. The *Commodore M'Donough* and a mortar schooner, and the iron-clads *Augusta* and *Savannah*, came up the river and covered our advance upon this point. Under cover of a bombardment Hartwell's brigade advanced and carried the enemy's rifle-pits. This movement was only a feint to divert the enemy's attention from General Potter's attempt to get upon the line of the railroad north of Charleston. On the night of the 17th Hardee began to evacuate the city. The garrison of Sullivan's Island and Point Pleasant were quietly withdrawn, as were also the troops in the city, the garrison on James Island, and the troops in and about Sumter and Moultrie. These were transported toward Florence on the only line left to them. The next morning Colonel Bennett, of the Fifty-second Pennsylvania, occupied the city with only a few men, and demanded the surrender of the city, which was complied with by Mayor Macbeth. Colonel Bennett, on being informed of the attempts made by the enemy to destroy the city, tendered to the Mayor the services of his troops in extinguishing the fires. The arsenal was taken before it could be destroyed by the enemy. The city was on fire in several places. The Wilmington dépôt had been blown up, and several lives lost. The accident occurred in the following manner: The rebels had left behind in the dépôt a large quantity of powder in kegs and cartridges; a number of boys thought it fine sport to throw these cartridges among the burning bales of cotton in the immediate vicinity. The powder dropped along the way to the fires soon communicated with the powder in the dépôt, and a terrific explosion followed, which left the dépôt in ruins and in flames. Over a hundred and fifty are thought to have been burned to death, while about a hundred more were wounded more or less seriously by the explosion.

The rebel iron-clad fleet in the river was burned. It is said that over 10,000 bales of cotton are secreted in the city. The mode in which the Government dealt with the Savannah cotton is not likely to promote a rapid discovery of these cotton store-houses. In the fortifications of the city over 200 guns of heavy calibre were found spiked and rendered temporarily useless. About ten or twelve thousand inhabitants are left in the city.

NEWS ITEMS.

The following is a letter addressed by Blakely, the celebrated gunmaker, to the London *Post*, just after the news of the capture of Fort Fisher:

"*To the Editor of the London Post:*

"Now that Fort Fisher has fallen, in spite of the heroic defense of General Whiting, Colonel Lamb, and the rest of the garrison, there can be no indiscretion in my giving you some information about its armament.

"The fact most instructive to us is, that the fort contained not one gun powerful enough to sink an iron-clad ship. A very late letter mentions as the most effective gun in the place an 8-inch five-ton cannon, rifled on the plan of Commander Scott, of the English Navy, and firing 130-pound shells. Of the rest, about half were 7-inch built-up rifles; half were 10-inch smooth-bored cast-iron guns.

"Most of these guns were more powerful than any gun mounted on any fort in England, or on any English ship (except one, which has a few of the valuable 9-inch 100-pounders ordered by the Duke of Somerset), yet they failed to injure the Federal fleet. It follows that that fleet could attack Portsmouth or Plymouth with more impunity than Fort Fisher, so far as artillery fire is concerned. I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

"T. A. Blakely."

James Y. Beall was executed as a spy on Governor's Island February 24.

Bernard Friery will be executed for the murder of Harry Lazarus March 31.

The case of the St. Albans raiders still occupies the attention of the Montreal court.

General Palmer has assumed command of the New Department of Kentucky.

It is estimated that the desertions from Lee's army amount to six or seven hundred per week.

The bill to arm the negroes has failed to pass the rebel Congress.

INTERESTING ITEMS.

Taking a Dandy to Pieces.—A story is related in Paris of a certain elderly dandy who continues to pass himself off for younger than he is, by the aid of some complicated appliances, and who had recently engaged, as *valet de chambre*, a young fellow freshly imported from his native village. The valet, who has been much impressed by the grace of his new master's person, and who had no suspicion of their artificial nature, was greatly amazed on assisting him to undress, on the night of his entrance in his new place, at the work of demolition in which he was called upon to assist. The coat and vest carried off with them the beautifully rounded outlines that had showed to such advantage the moment before, and at the unbuckling of the corset the jaunty uprightness of the dandy underwent an equally sudden collapse. The withered and shrunken form being duly wrapped in a dressing-gown, the old beau seated himself at his dressing-table, and proceeded to take himself to pieces. The removal of the lustrous brown wig revealed a perfectly bare scalp; the white teeth followed the wig, and were carefully placed in a glass of water for the night. The pair of gutta percha "plumpers," so skillfully placed between the gums and the cheeks were carefully taken out, betraying the hollows they had so effectually distended, and an artificial eye was next removed from the empty socket. The amazement of the unsophisticated servant had been at last deepening into horror as he witnessed these successive transformations; and when the ex-dandy, stooping toward his lower extremities, proceeded to unfasten a pair of false calves, the valet, imagining that his master was going to take himself completely to pieces, exclaimed, in a tone of mingled anxiety and terror, "Oh, monsieur marquis, pray do leave enough of you for me to put into the bed!"

An Imperial Author's Study.—To show how fine a thing it is to be an emperor and an author, it is stated that Napoleon III.—with the view to carefully learning the military practice of the Romans at the time of Cæsar, and in order to make his forthcoming history of Julius as perfect as study under favorable circumstances will permit—caused an able and learned officer of artillery to ascertain the military costume, the arms, armor, accoutrements, trappings, and other warlike instruments—including those proper for siege service, the camp and the field, and to reconstruct the same in the most perfect manner that care and boundless wealth allowed. At the Tuileries has been formed a museum of such articles, derived from ancient sculptures, descriptions, and drawings on pottery, etc.; there appear the tents, wagons, standards, haversacks, straps, boats, bridge machinery, shovels, the balista, falarica, catapult, bow and arrow. Each has been carefully reproduced and fitted for use, so that when the author desired to see a tribune, centurion, decurion, or private soldier exactly as Cæsar saw him, all that needed to be done was to call a Cent-Garde and clothe him from the museum. The ghost of Cæsar himself might be invoked with even less of fear than Brutus had, and the "Ay, at Philippi," of the unmatchable spirit have no terror for his successor.

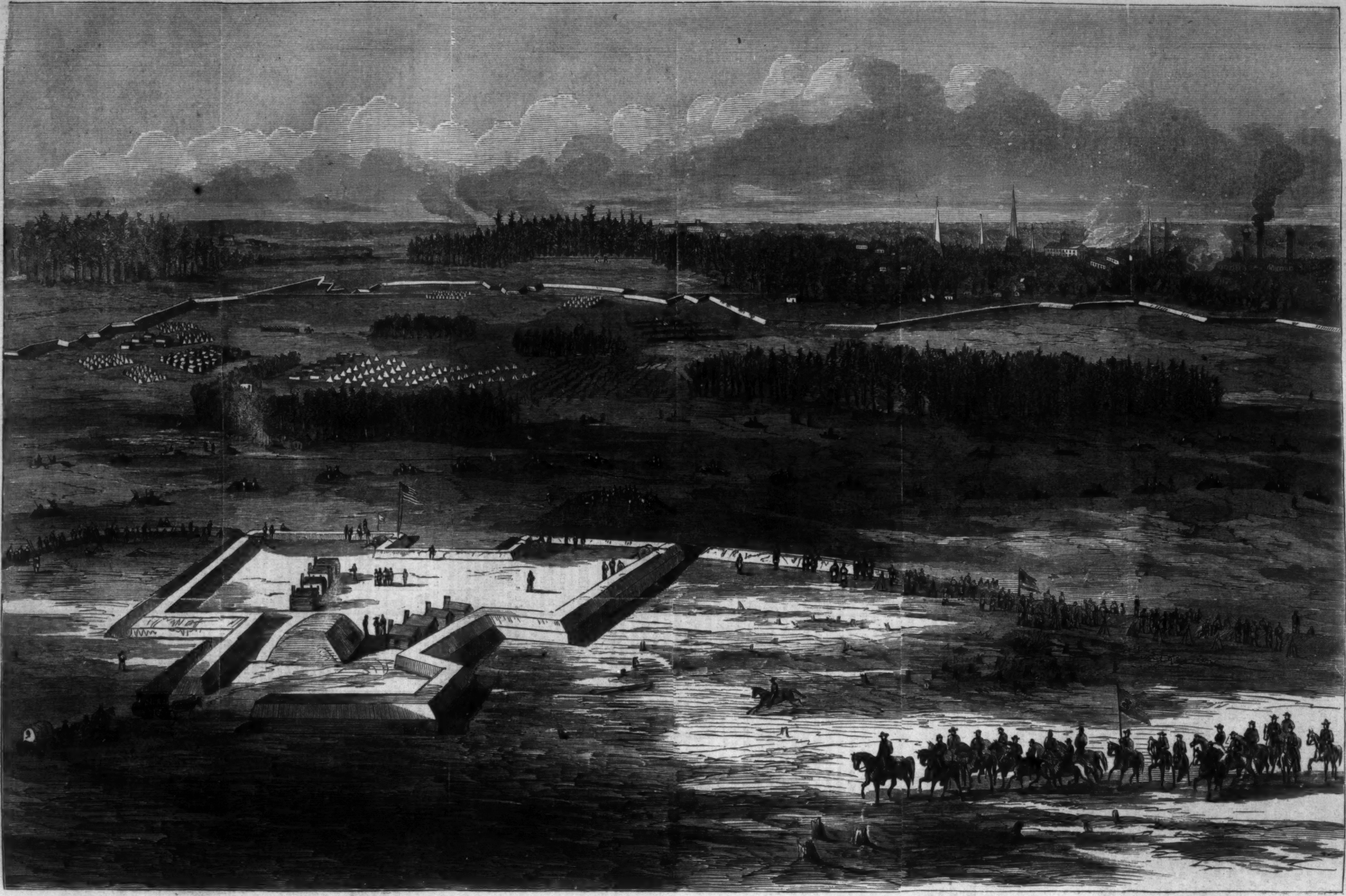
The Crisis of the Battle.—In one of the battles on the Mississippi, the Confederate General Pillow called out to one of his officers, in his usual pompous style, "Captain Duncan, fire! the crisis has come." Duncan, without saying a word, turned to his men, who were standing by their guns, already shotted and primed, and simply called out, "Fire!" The men were slightly surprised at the order, there being no particular object within range, when an old gray-headed Irish sergeant stepped up, "Plaze yer Honor, what shall we fire at?" "Fire at the crisis," said Duncan. "Didn't you hear the General say it had come?"

The Sovereigns of Europe.—There are in Europe forty-three reigning Sovereigns, not including those who possess titles only. Of those forty-three nine belong to the Roman Catholic religion, but one of that number is excommunicated; thirty-one are Protestants, one is of the orthodox Greek Church, one a Mohammedan, and the forty-third is the Pope. The Catholics are two Emperors—Austria and France; four Kings or Queens—Bavaria, Spain, Portugal, and Saxony; two Princes—of Lichtenstein and Monaco. The excommunicated Sovereign is King Victor Emanuel. The thirty-one who protest the Roman Catholic religion are the nine Kings or Queens—of Great Britain, Prussia, Sweden, and Norway, Denmark, Holland, of the Belgians, Hanover, Greece, and Wurtemburg; six Grand Dukes—Baden, Hesse Cassel, Mecklenburg-Schwerin, Mecklenburg-Strelitz, Oldenburg, and Saxe-Weimar; seven Dukes—Anhalt, Brunswick, Nassau, Saxe-Meiningen, Saxe-Altenburg, Saxe-Coburg, and Schleswig-Holstein; nine Princes—Lippe-Detmold, Lippe-Shaumberg, Reuss-Greiz, Reuss-Schleiz, Schwarlburg-Rudolstadt, Schwarzburg-Sonderhausen, and Waldeck: one Elector—Hesse-Darmstadt; one Landgrave—Hesse Homburg. The orthodox Greek Sovereign is the Emperor of Russia, and the Musselman Sovereign the Sultan. There are besides in Europe seven republics, two exclusively Catholic—San Marino and Andorre; and five where the majority of the inhabitants are Protestants—Switzerland, Bremen, Frankfort, and Lubeck.

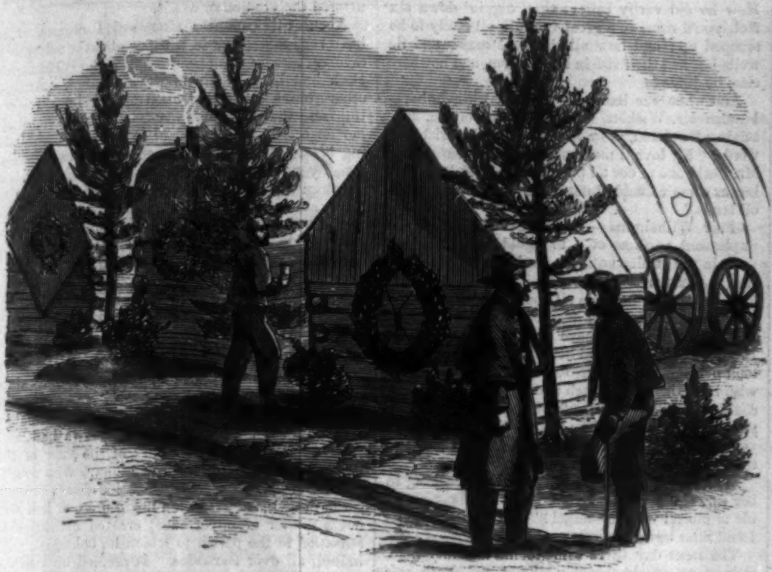
A Romance of the Harem.—A Constantinople letter says: "Rare as are conversions from Mussulmanism to Christianity, or from the latter to Islamism, fewer still are the instances in which the proselytes to either faith are women. One of these very exceptional cases has, however, just occurred, in which the neophyte is a young Belgian girl named Cordelier—the niece of the proprietress of a well-known English shop in Pera—who, despite all the popular errors as to the status of women in the Prophet's paradise, has risked every thing and gone boldly over to the faith of Mecca for love of a seductive young Bey. For some months past she has been in the habit of going frequently to harems in Stamboul to take millinery orders, and, in the course of these visits, appears to have made the acquaintance of the young Effendi in question. The acquaintanceship was entirely unknown to her aunt, who, on her sudden disappearance, on Sunday week, remained for several hours in anxious ignorance of her whereabouts. Late in the evening, however, a note from the fair runaway put an end to her relative's suspense by announcing the step she had taken, and firmly stating her determination to embrace her lover's faith in spite of every opposition. A personal interview, on the following day, at the Turkish house near the Atbazar where she had taken sanctuary, failed to shake this resolution; and, accordingly, on Tuesday she went before the cadi and made the first of the necessary declarations which precede formal admission into the pale of Islam. The Belgian Legation then interfered, and later in the week the young convert—who is about nineteen years of age, and possesses the buxom personal attractions which are dear to the eyes of Eastern connoisseurs—was brought before the Minister of Foreign Affairs, in company with her national dragoman. Here, again, she declared her resolute purpose to abjure Christianity, in spite of all that either A'ali Pacha or the dragoman could do to urge reflection before finally committing herself to so grave a step. In view of this obstinacy the Belgian authorities now deny her right to make the change, on the ground of non-age; and as the Porte temporarily accedes to the objection her final reception into Mussulmanism is suspended until the receipt from Brussels of specific proof of her age. The affair has been the nine days' talk of Pera."

An Irish Schoolmaster put Out.—A country schoolteacher, preparing for an exhibition of his school, selected a class of pupils and wrote down the questions which he would put to them on examination-day. The day had arrived, and so did the hopefuls, all but one. The pupils took their places as had been arranged, and all went on glibly until the question of the absentee came, when the teacher asked, "In whom do you believe?" "Napoleon Bonaparte," was the answer quickly returned. "You believe in the Holy Catholic Church, do you not?" "No," said the youngster, amidst roars of laughter; "the boy that believes in that Church hasn't come to school to-day; he's at home sick abed."

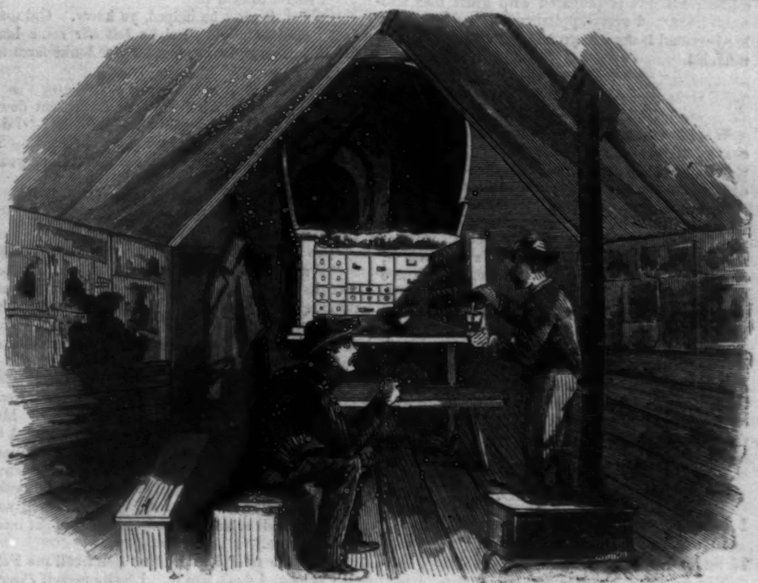
The Crown of Mexico.—It may not be forgotten that a member of the Bonaparte family was offered forty years ago the Crown of Mexico. The story is told by the Emperor himself in his sketch of Joseph, eldest brother of the first Napoleon: "While Joseph was living as a philosopher on the banks of the Delaware, thinking of nothing but of doing good to those around him, he received a proposal which surprised and touched him. A deputation of Mexicans came to him to place at his disposal the Crown of Mexico. The ex-King of Naples and Spain answered the deputation in nearly these terms: 'I have borne two Crowns, and I would not take a single step for a third. Nothing can be more flattering to me than to see men who, when I was in Madrid, refused to recognize my authority, come now in my exile to ask of me to put myself at their head. But I do not believe that the throne you wish to raise up can make you happy; and every day I spend on the hospitable soil of the United States proves to me more and more the excellence of republican institutions for America. Preserve them, then, as the precious gift of Providence. Put an end to your intestine quarrels; imitate the United States, and look out among your fellow-citizens for some one more capable than I am to play the great part of Washington.'"



VIEW OF PETERSBURG FROM THE SIGNAL-STATION ON OUR EXTREME LEFT.—SKETCHED BY HORACE HEATH.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]



EXTERIOR VIEW OF HOSPITAL TENT AND WAGON.

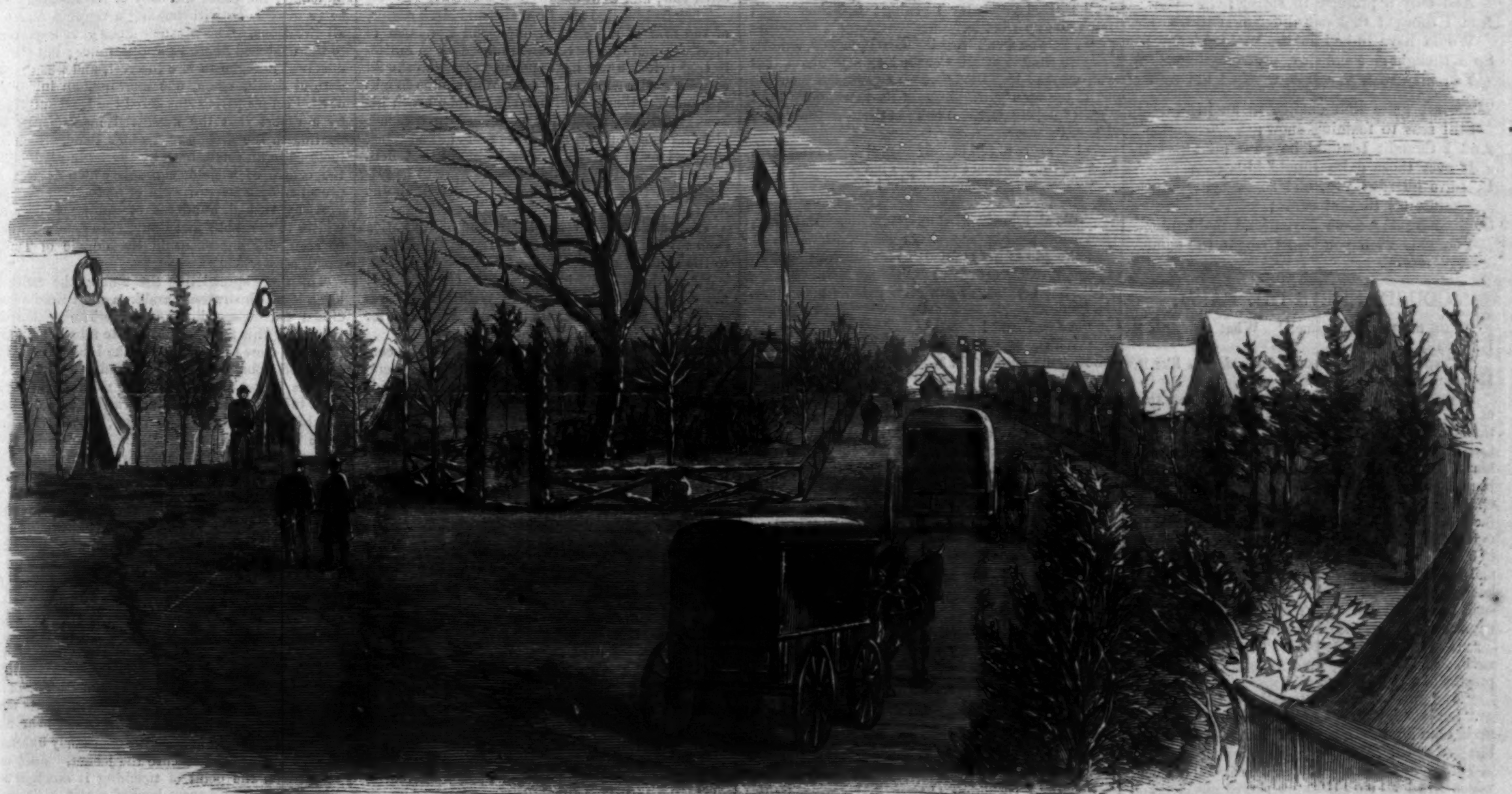


INTERIOR OF HOSPITAL TENT AND WAGON.

VIEW OF PETERSBURG, VIRGINIA.

WE gave some weeks since a view of Petersburg, taken by an English artist in the rebel lines. We give this week another view of that town, taken from a point on our extreme left. It now appears quite probable that the rebel General-in-Chief will soon find it absolutely necessary to evacuate Petersburg. The great value of the rebel position here has been that it afforded a more satisfactory base than Richmond, or rather that it preserved the communications southward from Richmond itself. This position not only covered the Southside Railroad, but was the only possible support to Fort Darling, the loss of which would open up the James to our gunboats. But SHERMAN'S advance will soon render both Petersburg and Richmond useless to the Confederacy. If General LEE insists upon retaining them, he will soon be isolated from the Confederacy, of which his army is the chief defense.

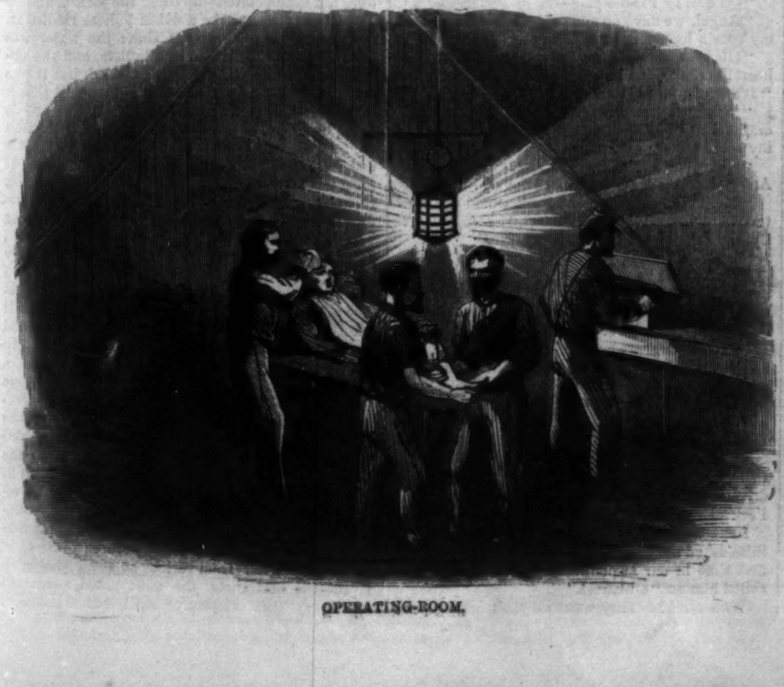
We give on our first page an illustration of our soldiers before Petersburg, receiving their rations of quinine and whisky, which are issued to them twice each day. These rations are very efficient safeguards against diseases of the camp.



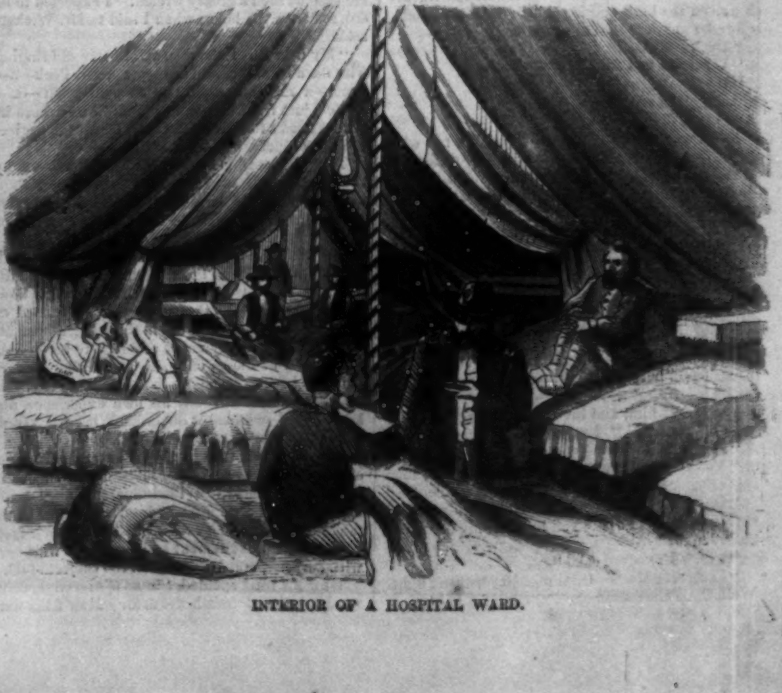
BEFORE PETERSBURG—FIELD HOSPITAL OF THE FIRST DIVISION, NINTH ARMY CORPS.—[FROM SKETCHES BY A. M'CULLUM.]

FIELD HOSPITALS.

WE have engraved on this page a number of sketches, illustrating various scenes in the Field Hospitals of our army. Although these sketches especially relate to the hospital of the First Division, Ninth Corps, they yet have a general application to all other hospitals of the same class. The feature which will immediately engage the reader's attention is the neatness and taste displayed in the life of our sick soldiers, and in all their surroundings. No labor is spared in beautifying the grounds, and all the internal arrangements are controlled with a tasteful skill that does credit to the directors. Cleanliness and comfort are secured to the disabled



OPERATING-ROOM.



INTERIOR OF A HOSPITAL WARD.

soldier; his diet is prepared with great tact and carefulness, and every appliance which surgical art has invented is used to promote the comfort of the wounded.

HARPERS FERRY.

WE give on pages 152 and 153 some recent and characteristic sketches of Harpers Ferry. The little village is situated in one of the most picturesque defiles in America, at the junction of the Potomac and Shenandoah. Harpers Ferry has now an important military history. It has been the starting-place and the goal of numberless marches. Hither and thither the waves of war have swept over it, and it is no longer the peaceful retreat which five years ago was so attractive to the tourist. The marches of Federals and Confederates have left behind their ugly traces. It is not a strong military position, being commanded by eminences on all sides. Last summer, before his celebrated victories at Winchester, Cedar Creek, etc., General SHERIDAN was so continually in the habit of falling back on Harpers Ferry that his men bestowed upon him the humorous *sobriquet* of "Harper's Weekly."

THOU ALSO.

I THOUGHT that we twain together
In one might have blent our days;
If under no light of passion,
Yet in safer, shadier ways:
Or never, be sure, that evening,
Yourself had I dared to claim;
So I thought:—some day, proud maiden,
You may wish you had thought the same.

'Tis true, I am grave and silent,
You, light as a bird on wing;
But there's strength in the latter summer,
And only a promise in spring;
And I thought that our differing natures
Would have linked in the wedded name;
So I thought:—some day, proud maiden,
You may wish you had thought the same.

There are gales that change in an instant
Still seas to foaming snow;
And I thought I would be your pilot
If ever those gales should blow;
I'd have guarded you, oh! so safely,
Against all ill that came;
So I thought:—some day, proud maiden,
You may wish you had thought the same.

COUSIN SILE'S OIL FARM.

"THE most dreadful smell! What on earth is it? Sally!—I say—"

"P'raps it's the ile; some folks *doesn't* like it. How de du, Cousin Peter?"

It wasn't Sally the chambermaid. I knew that at once. But turning, I was puzzled to guess who the stranger was. To my knowledge I had never seen him before or I never should have forgotten him. Long and lank, with straw-colored hair and blue eyes like dull glass beads, with a nose long enough to have made one apiece for three ordinary faces, and with apparently two joints in it, both movable, and a long expanse of yellow cheek awful to behold. Attired also in the blue, long-tailed coat and brass buttons, the yellow vest and tall white hat of the stage Yankee. I verily believed that some one of my theatrical friends had played a trick upon me, and was visiting me in masquerade.

"How de du, Cousin Peter?" said the presence again; and I replied, upon my guard against a practical joke,

"And pray, what am I to call *you*, Sir?"

"Lor', don't stand on no ceremony; I ain't stuck up if I am forehanded. Jest call me 'Cousin Sile,' like you used ter."

Then I knew him. It was Cousin Silas Peek, whom I had not seen since we played marbles, and robbed the orchards together down in Maine. He had always had those eyes and that nose, probably in his cradle, but he wore roundabouts and was three feet high when we parted.

"Cousin Silas! You had the advantage of me, I admit. Delighted to see you. (Oh, Mrs. Opie!) What has brought you this way?"

Cousin Silas tucked his coat-tails under his arm, and sat down on a chair the wrong way, with his elbows on the back and his chin in both his hands, before he answered me in one monosyllable—

"Ile."

"What did you say?"

"Ile."

"Oh, oil?"

"Sartinly, ile."

As he warmed up—I mean outwardly, not with the subject of conversation—that awful smell grew stronger. Despite my desire always and under every circumstance to appear well-bred, I was obliged to sniff audibly. Silas heard me.

"Plain tu be seen 't you haven't gone inter it yet," he said.

"Into what?" I asked.

"Inter ile."

"I trust a wise Providence will never see it necessary for my discipline that I *should* go into a thing I so abominate," I said. And then, as the smell grew stronger, I began to think of my cousin's explanations of bursting cans, overflowing hogsheads, etc.

I looked at him, and involuntarily sniffed again.

"Some accident?" I said, inquiringly.

"Hey?"

"You spoke of having been in oil. Excuse me; it is apparent—painfully so. By what accident—"

"Oh, 'twarn't adzackly accident," interrupted Cousin Silas. "I s'pose you heard of my marrying Suke Jenks?"

"Yes. I received cake."

"Lor', yes; Mother Jenks made it; 'twarn't light. Well, Suke she's dead, an' I'm a widdiwer."

"I regret to hear it."

"Wa'al, it can't be helped, ye know. Old man Jenks died afore her, an' he left her some land deown in Pennsylvany, besides the Jenks farm up our way, ye see."

"Ah!"

"You may say 'Ah!' D'ye know I went down to see that land, and 'twarn't wuth shucks? I'd a sold it, only nobody 'ud gin me nothin' for it. So I kinder gin up all thoughts about it till last year. Then what d'ye s'pose happened?"

"You sold it?"

"Any thing green in my eye, Cousin Pete? No, that land took to spoutin'."

"To spouting?"

"Yes, you never seen the beat. Little boy took a coal shovel to get some sile for a flower-pot, and minute he struck the arth up spouted ile, like this yer fountain in the Union Square you Yorkers are so proud of when it's on full head. Most smothered the child. Wa'al, fact is my tract's a ile tract."

"Dear me!"

"Of course I came down an' fetcht hands. Neow thar's about fifty ile fountains in full play. Men drawin' it off in buckets. Got to be guarded by men with rifles like this here Emperor o' the French when he goes a-ridin', t'other speckylaters is so envious o' me down thar. Made the biggest pile agoin'. Buy out A. T. Stewart or Astor if I like. Tell you, like the smell or not, ile is a good thing to get inter, Cousin Pete."

"Excuse me," I said, "but don't call me Pete. It's vulgar; I don't like it. I write myself *Pierre;* the French form of the name."

"Lor', du you," said Silas, "wa'al, I wonder. I should like Pete: it sounds good; sort o' short for petroleum. That's why I like Sile. Take away the S and it's ile, you know. So you ain't in ile?"

"I began to wish I was.

"Come down here to visit hotels," said Sile, going on. "Want to contract to furnish 'em with superior quality of table ile for salads and sich. New well started yesterday morning; *de*-licious stuff; fetch you up a bottle."

"I *beg* you won't trouble yourself," I said, aghast.

"No trouble at all, Cousin Pete—or what's that you want to be called? Peer? Besides, you can write me up a puff. Biggest ile man goin', finest quality ile, etc., etc. You're in the newspaper line, I hear."

"I venture to call myself an author," I remarked.

"Sartinly. Don't pay, does it?"

"Tolerably. There *are* things better than money, Mr. Peek."

"Wa'al, I dunno what unless it's ile. But I say, you know the big bugs, don't you?"

I thought of my landlady's bedrooms during midsummer, and groaned "Yes."

"First famlies. Fifth Avney folks and them, ye know?"

"A few," said I.

"Wa'al, now I'm up in the world, *I* ought to know 'em, oughtn't I? Tell you what, Cousin Pete—beg pardon, Peer, I'll stay with you a spell, and you shall show me around."

"The accommodations," I began.

"Don't make no apologies. Slep' in an ile puddle many a time; larn to rough it at the wells," said Cousin Sile; and what more could I say?

Therefore he staid. We dined, we smoked. Then I began to look at the time-piece. I had an engagement at Miss Wickett's; but to take Sile there in his blue coat, white hat, and brass buttons, with such an odor of oil, was impossible. I adored Miss Wickett; I fancied I had made some advances toward her esteem. To present a cousin like Silas Peek might ruin them at once and forever. At last I ventured. "Not having your baggage with you, I presume I dare not hope for your company to-night, Cousin Silas?"

"Eh! Lor' yes. Don't you see I've got on my Sunday bettermost? Paper collar in my pocket, wrapped up with a fine tooth-comb in a clean handkerchief. Learn tu make yerself slick easy at the ile wells."

So in despair I dressed, perfumed my kerchief with Night Blooming Cereus, and accepted Silas Peek's company with a groan. Our way up Broadway was marked by the sniffs of pedestrians against whom we brushed, and ejaculations of "Awful!" "Horrid!" "Kerosene, ain't it?" etc.

They had a party at the Wicketts—an elegant, select affair, graced by the belles and exquisites of the *crème de la crème*. As Silas took his hat off and ran his fingers through his hair I felt my heart sink. He seemed such a greasy wretch. I expected to be ordered from the house when I said to Mr. Wickett aside,

"My dear Sir, I've taken the liberty of bringing with me a distant cousin of my own, Mr. Peek—a—ahem—a rather unsophisticated gentleman—a—in fact, just from his extensive oil-farm, where he has amassed a fortune, and, I fear, learned to neglect the observances. I—ahem."

To my astonishment Mr. Wickett shook me by the hand.

"No apologies," he said. "These busy and prosperous persons are privileged; we don't expect of them what we do of others. Introduce me."

All kindness to me, of course. I felt grateful. So I introduced Mr. Peek, and went to find Miss Wickett, who was divine in scarlet with white flowers. How I adored that girl! How I feasted on her smiles! How I rejoiced in those quiet moments when I dared to say sweet nothings to her—when she looked at me as only she could look! Every man has been in love once in his life, they say. If so, every man can recall his own experience, and know how I regarded Wilhelmina Wickett. Words can not do justice to my emotions.

In her presence I forgot my cousin Silas Peek for a while. But soon, in the midst of the silence in which we listened to Wilhelmina singing, I heard his voice, and, turning, saw him. He stood in the midst of a group of gentlemen, all with their faces very red with excitement and their eyes wide open with surprise, and held forth on the subject of oil.

How his tract spouted, Sir, as ef eleven thousing whales was underneath the arth. How folks went on their knees to get the first supplies of that ile. How he did verily believe that, diggin' down six feet, you'd come to a great vat full, all ready to be scooped up; and how all the ile streams and ile wells jest had their rise in Peek's farm, and nowhere else, by jingo!

And when she had done singing, Wilhelmina—I mean Mr. Wickett, darted from the crowd, and, seizing her hand, drew her toward Silas with the words, "My love, I must make you acquainted with Mr. Peek, one of our oil pioneers, who has been giving us some valuable information on the subject of oil lands."

Poor Wilhelmina—she who shuddered at the unpleasant perfume of a marigold, and could not walk in the garden until the gardener had uprooted that obnoxious weed—how I pitied her as the atmosphere of my horrible oil cousin surrounded her on the velvet *tête-à-tête!*

"For my sake you have borne it, angelic girl!" I thought; and followed her with my eyes as Silas took her down to supper, saying, on the stairs, "I wish I'd a thought to fetch along a bottle o' ile, you could a seen how fine it ate on salad. And, I tell ye, there ain't nothin' like it for a hair ile. Reckon you've noticed how slick mine looks. It would take that kink out o' your'n in no time."

When we departed I could not help breathing in her ear, "I appreciate your kindness, most amiable of mortal women—angel!" And she smiled as I and Silas bowed ourselves out together.

The next day there came to me a dainty note, written as an old friend might write. Papa was busy, and papa had requested her to write. Could Mr. Paragraph dine with them on Wednesday, and bring his dear, odd, agreeable cousin Mr. Peek, who had so interested papa about his wells and things, along with him? And she remained

WILHELMINA WICKETT.

Of course Mr. Paragraph could. He was only too happy. Cousin Silas turned his paper collar on the other side, and went also.

They had invited Mr. Bungalee and Mr. Trumps, of the firm of Wickett, Trumps, and Bungalee, to meet us; and the conversation ran on oil so entirely that it took away my appetite. But who should care for food who could sit near Wilhelmina Wickett, and feel the folds of her silken robe brush his knee—who was absolutely permitted to pass her plate for more turkey, and to see that she had "just a morsel more gravy?" Not I for one. A delicious certainty that my day-dreams were to be fulfilled, and that I would one day call Wilhelmina my own possessed me.

That night I drew her little note of invitation from my bosom, and, kissing it, repeated, alluding to the signature,

"Remain Wilhelmina Wickett. Oh, no! no! not long, for I shall make you Wilhelmina Paragraph. Does she not smile upon my oily cousin for my sake?"

Yes, she had been very kind to Silas. She continued to be so. So did her papa. Also the members of the firm Trumps and Bungalee. They made Silas Peek the fashion, and lovely girls called him "a dear odd creature."

When we passed along the street people ran to look at the proprietor of the "Peek Oil Farm," and then would whisper,

"That's his cousin, Mr. Pierre Paragraph the poet." So that I shone by reflected light. The light of oil.

I began to see at last that poetry was as nothing beside petroleum. That Silas Peek was adored for his farm's sake. That he was a veritable lion. A man bowed down to and adored. He had influence also; every man with whom he conversed resolved at once to "put his money into oil."

I should myself if I had had any.

At last a harrowing suspicion dawned upon me. It was idiotic. I laughed at it. Yet it remained.

One day, when dining with Cousin Silas at the Wicketts, it forced itself into my mind. I resolved to banish it forever, and seized the moment when the old gentleman and Cousin Peek were roaring about ile, and we, Wilhelmina and I, were on the garden balcony.

Then I began:

"Wilhelmina, you must long have known—"

But she put up her hands and implored,

"Please don't, Mr. Paragraph!"

"I must," said I.

"I'll go away if you do."

"Nay, stay and hear me."

"Oh dear! Ple-e-e-case—"

"Angel, we have no auditors. Your father and my cousin have forgotten all in oil. My heart—"

"Oh, you mustn't say any thing about your heart!" cried Wilhelmina, in quite a tragic way. "It's wrong for me to hear it."

"Wrong to hear my fervent protestations of adoration! Oh, Wilhelmina, I love you better than my soul! I—"

"Oh! what would Mr. Peek say? Do go away." And she wrung her hands despairingly.

"Mr. Peek? I trust Mr. Peek would not venture to utter a word on the subject," I said, haughtily. "I accord him no such privilege."

"Oh! but he has, you know."

"Has what?"

"The privilege—the—the right. Oh, Mr. Paragraph, don't you know I've been engaged to Mr. Silas Peek a fortnight?"

I fell back flat among the flower-pots. When I picked myself up Wilhelmina had joined Silas Peek in the parlor.

They had sold her for oil. Mr. Wickett had put his money into oil and added his daughter. Mr. Trumps and Mr. Bungalee only wished that oil-farmers were Mormons, that they might give him their daughters also. They had sacrificed her, driven me to despair, and established "The Grand Peek's Farm Oil Company."

Next week she was married in Grace Church. Silas asked me to be his groomsman, and I, for the first time in our acquaintance, turned on him and called him an "oil-barrel."

Who cared? They went on their tour (to the oil farm, I suppose) as merrily as though I had not uttered the vindictive words.

About three months afterward I remember to have read something in a paper about a celebrated divorce case. It appears that Mrs. Wilhelmina Peek had been in divers ways ill-used. Among other things expatiated upon by her lawyer were the facts that Mr. Silas Peek, having invested all her fortune in oil-lands, had insisted on establishing his residence upon the oil-farm, where it habitually rained grease; and, furthermore, had insisted on replenishing the castor-cruets with petroleum, and had forced the delicate Wilhelmina to partake thereof. I read the announcement with great gusto. I attended court daily throughout the suit. Yes, I have been avenged!

THE MYSTERY OF THE FLOATING JACKET.

EARLY in the beginning of 1800—the exact date unfortunately can not be supplied—an event occurred which disturbed and alarmed the inhabitants of the Island of Barbados. News had been afloat some time in the spring of the year of the mysterious death of a black fisherman, who was, it is presumed, well known, since his disappearance (even in those times when a negro more or less was not a matter of importance) created considerable sensation in the parish to which he belonged, and, indeed, all over Barbados. It seemed impossible, however, notwithstanding that several people were arrested on suspicion, to fix the guilt upon any body. The clothes of the murdered man—for he *had* met with a violent death, if the testimony of the ground steeped in blood be of any weight—were discovered in a wood by some stray people, and were produced at a renewed committee of inquiry. But his *jacket*, which was a coarse knotted garment, such as fishermen wear on some English coasts, was nowhere to be found; nor could the body of the ill-fated black be recovered, notwithstanding a rigorous search in all directions. This mystery alone gave importance to the wretched negro's disappearance; but though unsolved it began to lose interest, and was dying a natural death, when, one morning, an inhabitant of St. Philip's parish staggered the local authorities by a report that the murdered man's *jacket* was floating in the middle of Tudor's Pond, which was inclosed in an estate hard by the main road, and in the centre of a field, through which it was approached by a narrow walk or foot-path.

Away rushed hundreds of gaping blacks and whites to the spot; and there, sure enough, was to be seen, floating about in the middle of Tudor's Pond, a *fisherman's blue jacket*.

The news spread like fire among the canes (to use a local illustration), and in a short time a great crowd encompassed the pond. The authorities, roused by this fresh stimulus into a hope of obtaining some clew to the agent of the late murder, now appeared upon the scene, but only just in time to see the jacket slowly sink and disappear. Drags were instantly employed, and, after some difficulty and loss of time in their carriage, boats arrived and were launched into the pond. After some hours of unavailing labor the boats were pulled up on the banks, and the crowd separated—full of surmises, suspicions, theories, and of hints at Obeah, the negro's *point d'appui* of superstition. The mystery, however, was not to end here; for next day a large concourse assembled at the same time—between eleven and twelve in the morning—to watch for the possible reappearance of the jacket. Punctually at twelve o'clock the blue garment rose to the surface of the pond. Horror now fairly took possession of the spectators; some ran for guns, and others for the governor. Down came the authorities, with the chief official. There was the jacket floating calmly. A boat was now put out by order of His Excellency the Governor, and its occupants rowed up to the mystery: the boat crept on, nearer and nearer—till a man in the bows cautiously extending his oar attempted to secure the jacket. Just as he seemed on the point of touching it down it sank like lead. The rowers backed water a little and waited. The jacket, after a brief space, rose again in the same spot. This time the boat made a rush at it—but once more the thing disappeared before the oar could reach it. The governor now gave orders that, on its reappearance, the jacket should be fired at. Accordingly the crack shots awaited its rising, with their rifles fixed in their shoulders and pointed at the spot in the centre of the pond. They were not disappointed—up came the jacket, and on its reaching the surface a dozen bullets riddled it. The jacket, however, didn't sink: the water was white with the dashing of the bullets, and the object of their aim was severely agitated, but it was not till they paused and the boat approached that it sank—but *then* it went down like a stone; and it being by this time one o'clock, it rose no more that day. The island was now in a ferment of doubts and fears: scientific men (there were not many, it must be confessed, in the island at that time) shook their heads after vainly endeavoring to find a natural reason for this strange occurrence. "It must be a hoax," they said aloud, but how a hoax could possibly be worked in the centre of a pond they did not deign to explain. Day after day, at twelve o'clock precisely, the goblin jacket rose to the surface of Tudor's Pond, and, day after day, eluded all efforts to secure it. The pond itself was guarded and watched incessantly, and dragged thoroughly at intervals, but to no purpose—the best swimmers in the island (and in Barbados, as in most West India Islands, the inhabitants seem to have an instinct for swimming, and are, as it were, "to the manner born") endeavored to circumvent the delusive jacket, but were obliged to return to the shore baffled and exhausted. In vain, as it sank, did they dive after and strive to follow it to its retreat—panting and almost breathless they were compelled to come up again and rest, while the provoking jacket would slowly rise before them as if in scoffing. Visitors from various adjacent islands arrived—the best shots, the most noted swimmers would try their respective skill, but fruitlessly.

Approaching the jacket as closely as possible, the swimmers would dash out from their boat apparently *upon* the jacket, but they never succeeded in catching it. Day after day, and week after week, this went on in sight of the governor and other officials, and before thousands of spectators; and no one could "catch the jacket asleep," as it was said.

Gradually, however, the pond began to dry up and expectation was raised to its height.

Nothing, however, was discovered in the pond when all the water had evaporated under the severe drought—though it was dredged carefully, and when the rains refilled the basin the appearances entirely ceased.

No one as yet has accounted in any way satisfactorily for this startling occurrence, though one or two theories were broached from time to time—one of which (suggested to the writer of this paper) was to the effect that some fish had got entangled in the jacket—which might have been thrown into the pond by the supposed murderer—and so in its struggles to escape, and for fresh air, have dragged the jacket to the surface of the pond. This is fair enough, so far as the mere rising of the jacket and its elusion of pursuit are concerned, but how was it that it rose and sank at precise intervals? and how was it that no traces were discovered when the pond was dredged and dragged? Furthermore, is it likely that out of the hundreds of bullets actually fired into the jacket, not one succeeded in killing this entangled fish?

THE MILLER.

Merrily rolls the mill stream on,
Merrily goes the mill,
And merry to-night shall be my song
As ever the gay lark's trill.
While the stream shall flow, and the mill shall go,
And his garners are bravely stored,
Come all who will, there's a welcome still
At the joyful miller's board.

Well may the miller's heart be light,
Well may his song be gay,
For the rich man's smile, and the poor man's prayer
Have been his for many a day.
And they bless the name of the miller's dame
In cots where the lowly mourn,
For want and woe at her presence go,
And joy and peace return.

Fair is the miller's daughter too,
With her locks of golden hair,
With her laughing eye and her sunny brow,
Still better is she than fair.
She has lightened toil, with her winning smile,
And if ever his heart is sad,
Let her sing the song he has loved so long,
And the miller's heart is glad.

"ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL."

Last summer, while staying for bathing at a little sea-port town on the coast of Caen, I made the acquaintance of Father Monceau, professor of swimming. This man was a miser, whose avarice was notorious. He lived on black bread and the refuse of fish which he himself caught; he drank nothing but water, which in that part of the country costs nothing; and his garments were always of the coarsest and commonest description, and patched, besides, in a dozen places. And yet his means must have been, at the least, easy, to judge from the profits of his various trades. One day, on entering the salle-à-manger of my hotel, the Soleil-Levant, I observed a young girl of seventeen or eighteen, sitting working at a window. She raised her eyes on my entrance, then dropped them, and continued her work, without further noticing my presence. I saw, however, that she was very pretty, with regular and delicate features. On inquiring of my hostess, I found that she was the daughter of Monceau. "And the true child of her father," added Mdme. A. "You see how she is dressed. Look at her clothes; and yet she is always at work, and earns more than enough to enable her to dress even well."

"The avarice of Father Monceau is detestable enough," returned I; "but in such a young girl it is repulsive."

On entering my room I found there a letter from one of my college friends, Ernest Préaux, who resided in the neighboring town. Hearing that I was not far off, he had written begging me to go and see him, that we might renew our old friendship. It was a strange nature, that of Ernest Préaux. At five-and-twenty he had the manners of a cold and austere moralist of forty. He was clever; had read much and retained much. We had left college together, and had afterward met again as students—he of law, I of medicine. He seemed pleased that we should be at once on our old familiar footing together, but he preserved his habitual calmness and taciturnity. I fancy that the extreme sombreness of his character was in part owing to a disappointment he had met with. A young girl to whom he had been engaged had deserted him and given her hand to another. Her perfidy had deeply wounded him; he was so young, so inexperienced; and he had now become utterly skeptical with regard to woman and woman's constancy. Another circumstance had also, perhaps, helped to make him what he was. He had lost his parents at ten years of age. They had both died of grief and anxiety at seeing the honor of their house imperiled. His father had been robbed of a considerable sum, and had immediately been declared bankrupt. The suddenness and shame of this brought on an attack of apoplexy, to which he succumbed. The mother, who had been in delicate health, was unable to bear up against so many misfortunes, and in a week followed her husband to the grave. Then came all the long and weary business of liquidation, at the end of which the poor little orphan was found to be the inheritor of the modest annual income of 600 francs. His prospects as regards education, therefore, would have been of the scantiest, but that his guardian one day received, on his account, the sum of 1500 francs, together with a letter of a few words, bearing no signature, stating that the same amount would be paid annually on that day to the son of M. Préaux.

The next day I proceeded to the house of Ernest's former guardian, with whom he was passing his holiday. He received me most cordially.

"I wanted particularly to see you again," said he, "for a few months later I shall be unable to do so."

"Why?" said I,

"Because I intend to become a monk of La Trappe," he answered.

"My dear Ernest," said I, "I am perfectly aware of your capacity for silence, and it is a precious gift in a monastery; but I have not forgotten the violent onslaughts you used to make against a monastic life."

"I was wrong," replied Ernest. "At any rate, right or wrong, I feel now that I require calm and solitude. I want to try and deaden my heart. I must *forget*. This is why I intend to turn Trappist. There are philosophers who cry up memory as the essential base of all intelligence. It is possible; but it is sometimes a very sad gift. To remember is to suffer, either in the past, present, or future. Better at once to forget."

"Come," said I, "I see you are not yet yourself. In love affairs the only cure is Indifference: you are at present only at Despair."

"You are wrong," replied Ernest. "I have thorough contempt for the person you allude to; I detest all women, and that one in particular."

I usually paid my visit to Ernest between eight and nine in the morning, but I found several times that he had risen very early, and had already had a long walk when I got there. I proposed, therefore, to go earlier, that I might be his companion on those occasions; but he answered me evasively, and in such a manner that I at once fancied he had a secret connected with these excursions. Although his reserve piqued my curiosity, it was chance alone that discovered to me the reason for it. One morning I arrived at his house a little earlier than usual, but he had already left; and on walking on I saw him, within gunshot, crossing the fields. I hurried after him; but before I could reach him he had disappeared into a little cabin thickly shaded with trees. "Ah!" thought I, "now I shall catch him up. My future Trappist has probably retired there to meditate on the vanity and falsity of all human affection." But the thought had scarcely crossed my mind, when I perceived the flutter of female garments, the wearer of which appeared to me to enter the cabin. I approached gently, and heard two voices in *tête-à-tête*; one was feminine, the other was Ernest's. My curiosity was greatly excited, and, I confess it, I drew close and peeped between the cracks in the planks of the cabin. What was my astonishment to discover in my friend's companion, Ursule, the daughter of Father Monceau! Now I have a horror of hypocrisy, and when I remembered the abuse lavished by Ernest upon women and the prudish airs of Mdlle. Ursule, I drew back thoroughly indignant and returned to my hotel, determined from this day to cease my visits to Ernest, and I held to my resolve. A few days afterward another little circumstance occurred which increased my dislike of Ursule. In the morning, after bathing, I had called at Father Monceau's cottage, not having seen him on the sands. He was a capital swimmer, and, in his professional capacity, I did not wish to lose sight of him. As I entered the door I saw Ursule with an old stocking in her hand filled with sous. Directly she caught sight of me she endeavored to hide it, but ineffectually. "So," cried I, "you are rich?"

"Oh no, Monsieur!" she answered.

"But your purse seems to be well filled," returned I.

"What purse?" replied Ursule.

"That stocking that you had in your hand just now," I answered.

"There was nothing in it," said the girl.

The lie and the avarice of one so young seemed to me monstrous.

A short time after this occurrence, Father Monceau came to me, as a doctor, to beg me to go and see his daughter, who was ill, not forgetting, by various hints and innuendoes, to satisfy himself that it was not my intention to demand a fee on the occasion. I found Ursule really very ill; she required the greatest care. I told her father this, and wrote a prescription.

"Will these drugs cost much?" he asked, anxiously.

"Only two or three francs," I answered.

"Three francs!" he echoed; "and where is a poor man like me to find three francs? and, besides, will that cure her?"

"Probably not," replied I.

"Then I shall have to buy more? Oh! I shall be ruined, ruined!"

"If you wish to save your daughter," said I, severely, "spare nothing; the case is serious."

I left indignant, but returned in the evening, fearing that he might not have obeyed my instructions. The door of the cabin was open, a fact which indicated great confusion in the domestic arrangements. I entered the kitchen, and was about to go into Ursule's room, when I saw a light shining through the door—which was a little ajar—of her father's chamber. On advancing to call him, I saw him standing before a cupboard, on the shelves of which glittered piles of louis and five-franc pieces. He was so lost in contemplation of his riches that he did not hear me. I retreated, and then called him loudly. I heard him double-lock his cupboard, and then he appeared in the kitchen, with a decided and resolute look about him.

"Doctor," said he, "people do very well at the hospital, do they not?"

"Yes," I answered; "but people are better at home."

"No doubt, when they are well off," returned Monceau. "But I have an idea, doctor, that Ursule would be well taken care of at the hospital. They tell me that patients want for nothing; that they have good chicken-broth, and wine if necessary."

"Certainly, it is true."

"Then I shall decide to take my daughter to Pont-l'Evêque."

"You must remember that she can not walk, and is not in a state to bear the motion of a carriage," answered I.

"My good doctor, I will take her in a litter; two of the neighbors will help me."

"It is a good five miles from here to Pont-l'Evêque," I observed.

"No matter; we can stop and rest."

More than a year had passed, and I had nearly forgotten this detestable family, when I was one day called on to be present at an examination of young girls who were being brought up as teachers. The ceremony was an interesting one to me, as the fate of a godchild of mine was then to be decided. Among these young girls was a face that puzzled me dreadfully. It seemed to me to belong to Ursule; but it was Ursule transformed, bearing no trace of her severe illness, her always delicate and refined features lit up with the brilliant flush of excitement. Her bearing was graceful, and, which was still more extraordinary, she was in a charming toilet. She trembled a little in answering the examiners, but her answers were correct, and she obtained her diploma as governess. My god-daughter was not less fortunate. I had seen her talking to Ursule, and I was eager to question her, hoping that she might enlighten me as to the transformation of the avaricious and apparently ignorant country girl into the elegant and well-educated young lady.

"Mdlle. Monceau," answered my god-daughter, "has been in my school two months. She only came to stay until the examination, for she knew more than any of us. They say that she is quite alone in the world."

This was all I could obtain, and I was very curious on the subject. But I knew that Ernest Préaux was at Caen, and I went to see him, hoping that he could give me the answer to this enigma. I found him more moody than ever.

"Sit down," said he.

"No," replied I. "Your manner makes me think you are wishing me a hundred miles away; so good-by!"

"Nonsense," returned Ernest. "I assure you your visit gives me much pleasure, the more so as it may be the last."

"Thank you for the compliment," replied I.

"There is no necessity," he rejoined. "You must know, then, that I am thoroughly decided to enter La Trappe."

"Ah, bravo!" said I. "But your decision does not disturb me much. I know now your peculiar way of turning monk."

"You may laugh; but I am more than ever resolved."

"From your manner of saying that," replied I, "one would imagine that you had fresh motives for quitting the world—that horrible Babylon in which virtue has but one asylum—a cabin embowered in trees, etc., etc."

Ernest slightly colored, and his eye sparkled; but he kept silence. However, I was determined to make him speak.

"Is it long since you saw Mdlle. Ursule?" I asked.

Ernest lifted his head and quickly answered, "Ah! then you have guessed my secret; and that Ursule alone can keep me in the world. Oh, women, women!"

"What! is this one also inconstant?"

"Do not calumniate her," he returned; "she is an angel."

"I must believe you, certainly," rejoined I; "for you ought to know her better than any one, having had so many opportunities of making her acquaintance in the aforesaid cabin embowered in trees."

"What! you know that too?" he cried, with astonishment. "But you know I was obliged to think of Ursule's reputation. People would have thought all sorts of harm if I had not hidden our rendezvous so carefully."

"Certainly, you behaved like a gallant man, as well as a man of gallantry," I answered.

"Don't laugh, and do not judge me unfairly," he returned. "I assure you that my only object in meeting Ursule was to give her instruction—to educate her."

"Your reason, at all events, could not be more moral," said I, laughing.

"I see you doubt my sincerity," said Ernest, sadly, after a moment or two of reflection. "But listen, and I will tell you all, cost me what it may. I love Ursule with all my heart, but she has not the least idea of it. She herself loves elsewhere, and will, no doubt, shortly be married. But I will begin at the beginning. One day—some few years ago—I was walking on the beach when a little girl of thirteen or fourteen advanced toward me. She appeared nervous and hesitating, and presently said, in a little timid voice, 'Monsieur Ernest, do you not recognize me? I am little Ursule, don't you remember? the child of your father's clerk.' I did remember, but with a certain feeling of displeasure, which at the moment I could not master. I had heard from my guardian that Monceau had had some little share in the ruin of my father. However, Ursule began to talk to me of old times, and appeared to remember any little kindness I might have shown her as a child with so much joy and gratitude that my heart was insensibly touched, and I soon found myself talking to her as affectionately as of old. From this time I often met her, and gradually learned to think of her almost as a little sister. I found that she had very romantic notions, balanced, however, by strict right-mindedness. A year or so had passed, when she one day confided to me something that may surprise you, skeptic, but which did not astonish me, for her character was a singular mélange of boldness and simplicity. She told me that her father, who was extremely avaricious, was opposed to her attempting to educate herself. 'He is poor,' said she, 'and says that I must work for my bread, and not waste my time in studying.' 'But why,' I answered, 'do you desire so much to be learned?' She hesitated a moment, colored, and said: 'Because I love some one—some one who would blush to be the husband of an ignorant girl like me. So I want to improve myself, and to study to become a governess. Then, perhaps, he will be touched by what I have done, and will marry me.' From this day I began to teach Ursule, who made astonishing progress. She has the courage of a heroine. Every morning she used to go to the little cabin, and there I met her, and did my best in helping the development of her mind. During the day she worked hard at her needle, in order to gather together a little sum for her marriage portion. I endeavored to make her accept my aid; but she was resolute in refusing. 'I must make my own position myself,' said she. 'I hope he will like me the better for it.' As to myself, I love her hopelessly. She has every good quality but gratitude. Would you believe that since the lessons have ceased I have not heard a word of her?"

Ernest's voice trembled as he spoke. At this moment a ring at the bell was heard—a timid, hesitating, undecided ring. "It is she!" he cried, jumping up; and he pushed me into the adjoining room with an energy of which I should have thought my future Trappist incapable. He went to open the door, and then I heard the sweet voice of Ursule murmuring thanks. Ernest did not answer, or, if he did, it was in so low a tone that I was unable to catch what he said. Ursule was the first to break the silence that ensued. In these cases women generally appear to be bolder than men, in reality because they are more timid.

"Monsieur Ernest," said Ursule, "you appear to be ill. It grieves me to see you so, now that I am so pleased at having succeeded."

"At all events you are happy, Ursule," murmured Ernest, hardly knowing what he said.

"Happy? Not yet," answered Ursule.

"And *he*?" said Ernest, after a pause.

"Oh!" returned she, "I begin to be afraid that, after all, he does not care about me."

"Is it possible?" cried Ernest, almost joyfully.

"But you have not told me, Monsieur Ernest, why you are so sad," said Ursule.

"Oh! as to me, I love an ungrateful girl, who, in her turn, loves some one else!" answered Ernest.

"Is it possible?" this time cried Ursule. "And who is this person who might be so happy, Monsieur Ernest?"

"What does it matter? what do *you* care about it, since I am not the one you love? And, in my turn, may I ask you who is this man who disdains your affection?" said Ernest.

"And suppose *I* answer, also, What does it matter? what can *you* care about it, since I am not the woman you love?" replied Ursule.

This kind of declaration is, perhaps, as good as any other. Certain it was that Ernest fell at the feet of Ursule, and covered her hands with kisses. The poor girl herself was crying for joy. I was on the point of quitting my hiding-place, for my situation began to be rather ridiculous, when a ring at the bell was heard—this time a violent and energetic one. In a moment I recognized the voice of Father Monceau, and I hastened into the room in order to save appearances before the eyes of the irritated Father. When he saw me he called out, "Ah, doctor! I am glad you are here; for I am come to clear my character." And as he spoke he took from his pocket and put on the table an old and greasy pocket-book; then sat down and began to wipe his forehead. I was certainly deceived in imagining him to be angry, for his face presently became radiant as he said, "And the good doctor, too, who thought me an old miser, as every body else did. But listen, Monsieur Ernest, doctor, my child, every one! You know that I was clerk to M. Préaux, the father of Ernest. He placed every confidence in me, although he was aware that I had an unfortunate propensity to drink. However, as I was steady enough in the daytime, and only indulged in my wretched taste when work was over, my employer kept me, and contented himself with occasional remonstrances. He knew me to be devoted to him, as I was—I swear it! One day M. Préaux sent me to receive money for him, and accordingly, about five o'clock, I was returning home with a large sum in my pocket-book, when, on passing a cabaret, the unhappy thought occurred to me of entering and taking a glass of something and a crust; it is true that I was ready to drop from fatigue after my day's exertions. At the cabaret I met with two comrades with whom I was often in the habit of drinking. Chatting now with them and drinking my wine, I lost myself, took too much, and fell asleep, utterly forgetful of the money which was in my care. When I awoke, some hours later, my pocket-book had gone! I had been robbed! You know the rest, Monsieur Ernest. Your father was ruined, and through me! But I swore to myself to repair my fault as much as was in my power. I have every year saved enough from my earnings to send you the annual sum of fifteen hundred francs, and to-day I come to bring you, thank God, the sum of a hundred thousand francs, the result of a very fortunate investment which I confided to a ship-owner at Cherbourg, a very honest man, who did his best for me: and now, on my knees, Monsieur Ernest, I beg pardon for my fault." Ernest hastened to embrace the old fisherman, who was about to prostrate himself at his feet, but was unable to utter a word. He could only point to Ursule, whom her father had almost disregarded until then. Suddenly, however, he turned to her, and said, "Ursule, my child, how is it I find you here?"

Ursule looked imploringly at Ernest.

"We waited for you," said Ernest, to Father Monceau, "to beg your consent to our marriage."

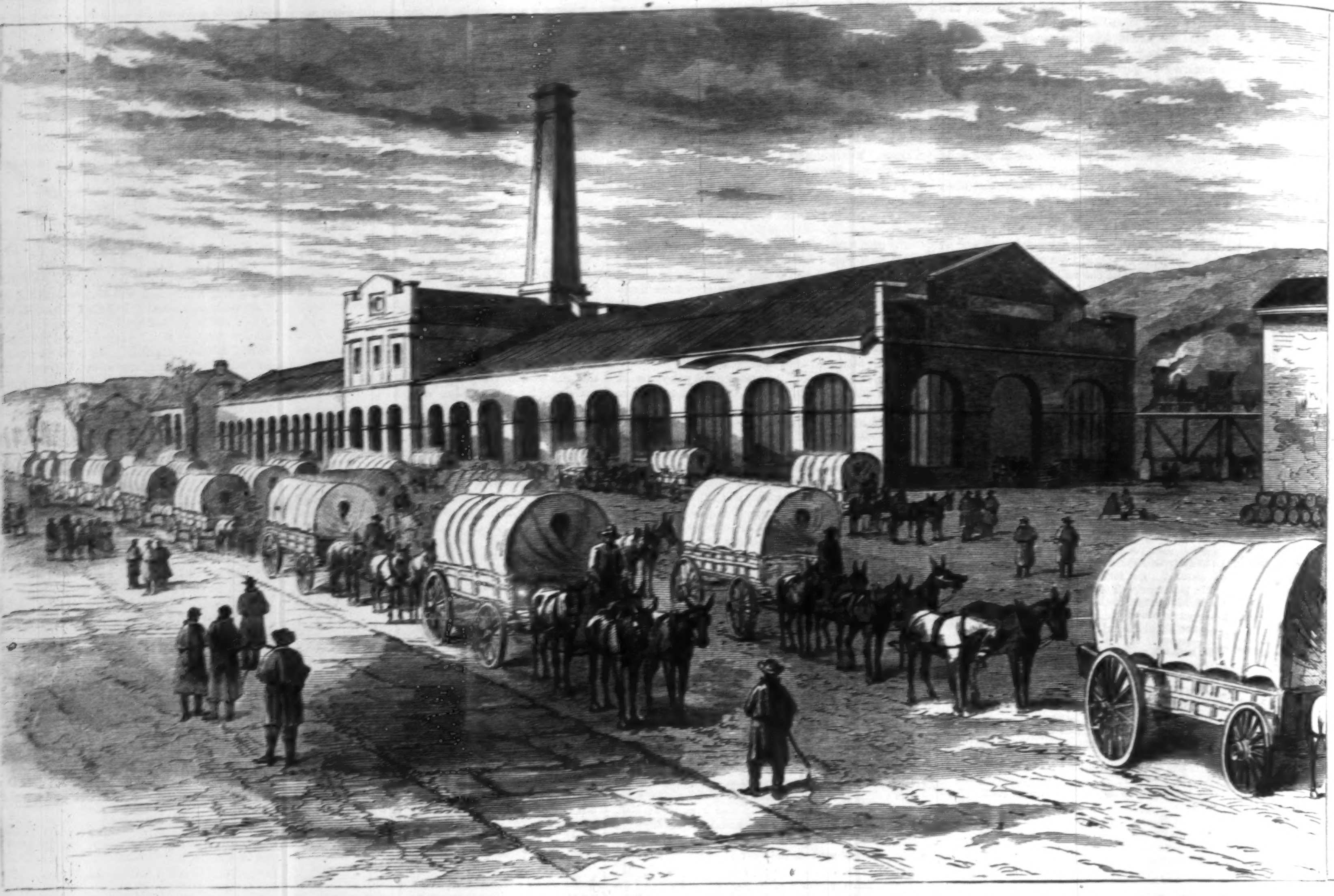
"To your marriage! What! you love each other, then?" answered the old man, aghast.

"Yes; we have loved each other for four years," replied Ernest.

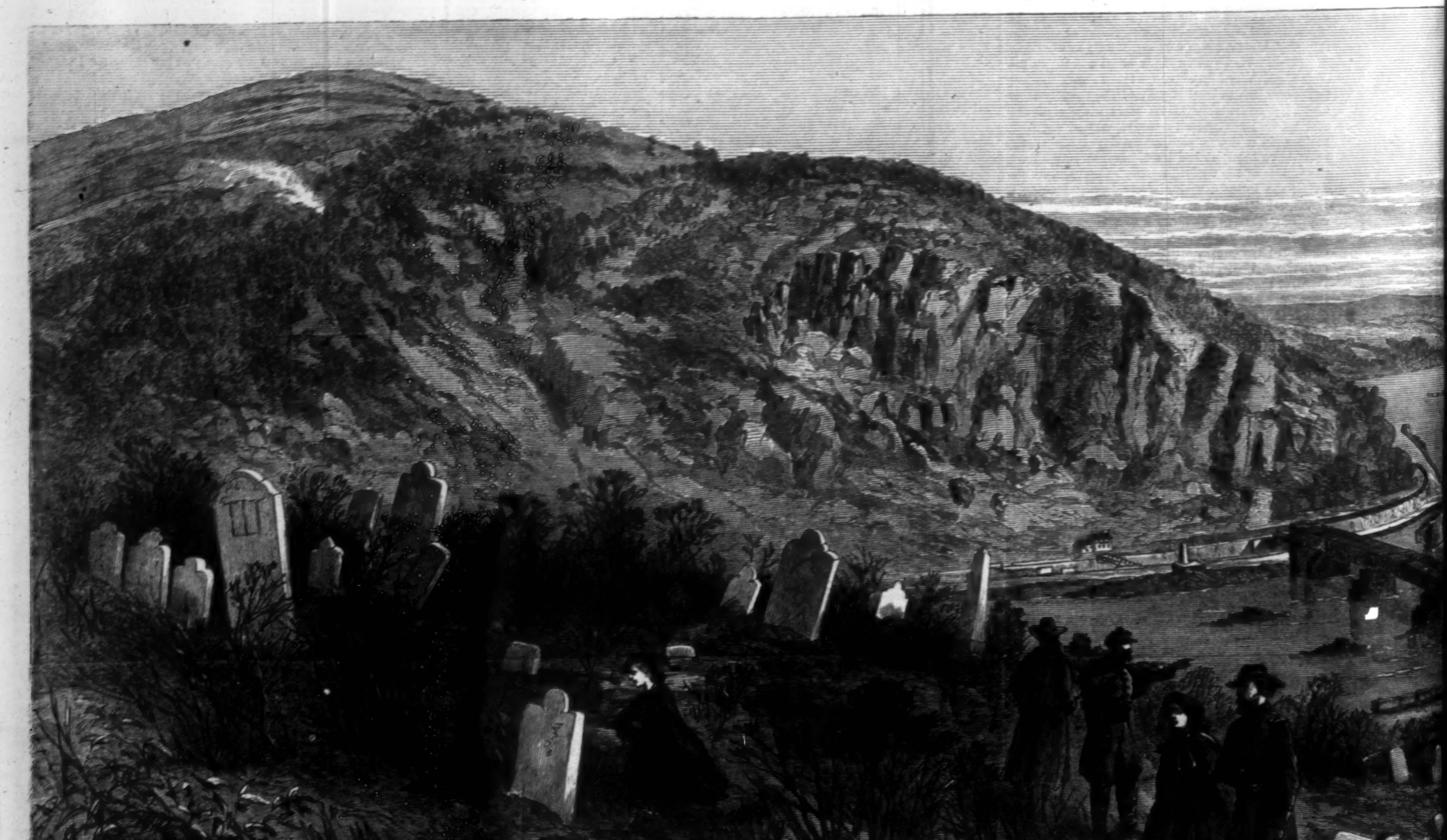
"And I knew nothing about it," said the father.

"We did not know it ourselves," rejoined Ernest.

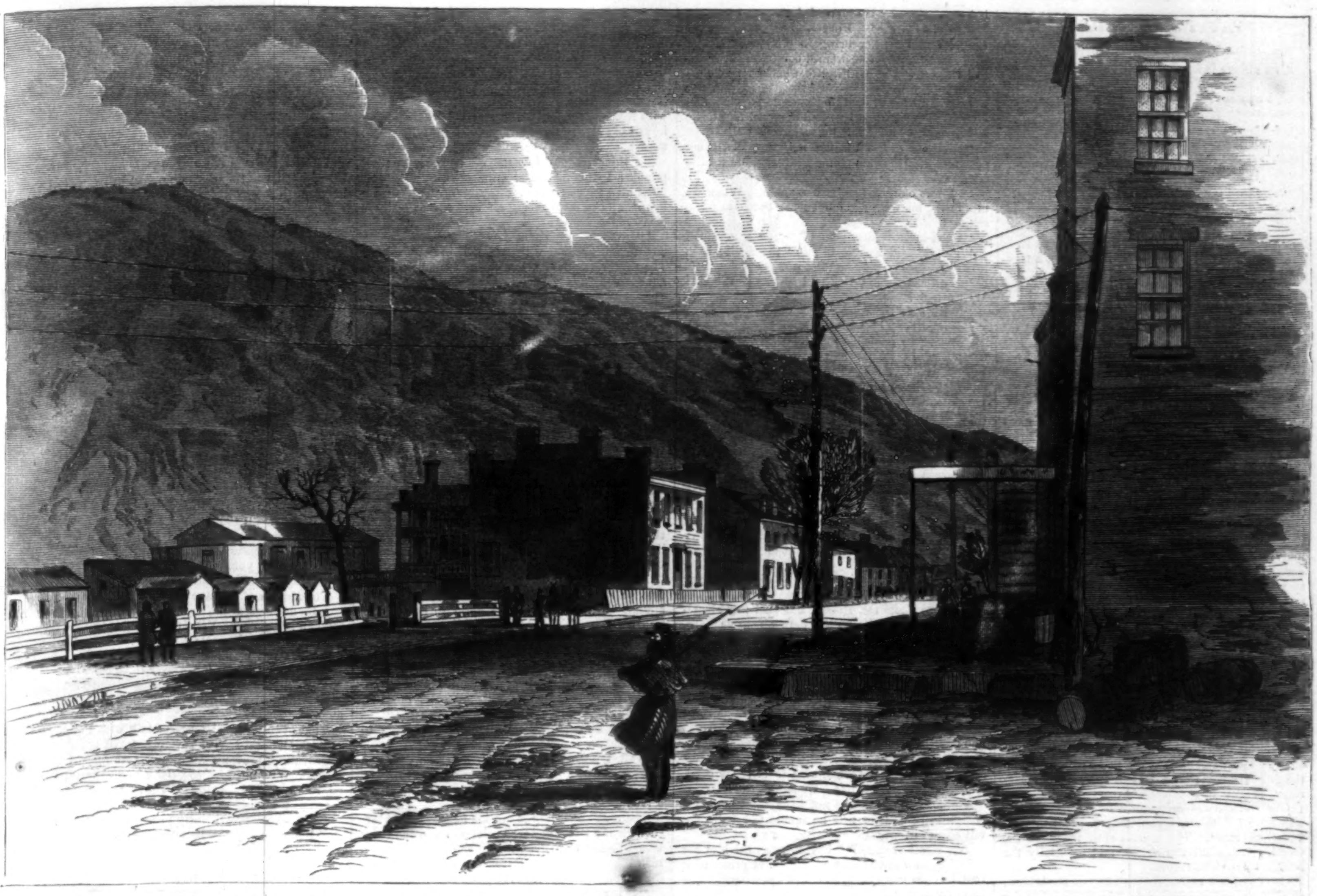
Father Monceau appeared to gather very little from these answers; but, as it is sometimes not necessary to understand in order to give happiness, he seemed to be satisfied; and a fortnight afterward Ursule Monceau, in the prettiest of bridal toilets, became the wife of the happy and radiant Ernest.



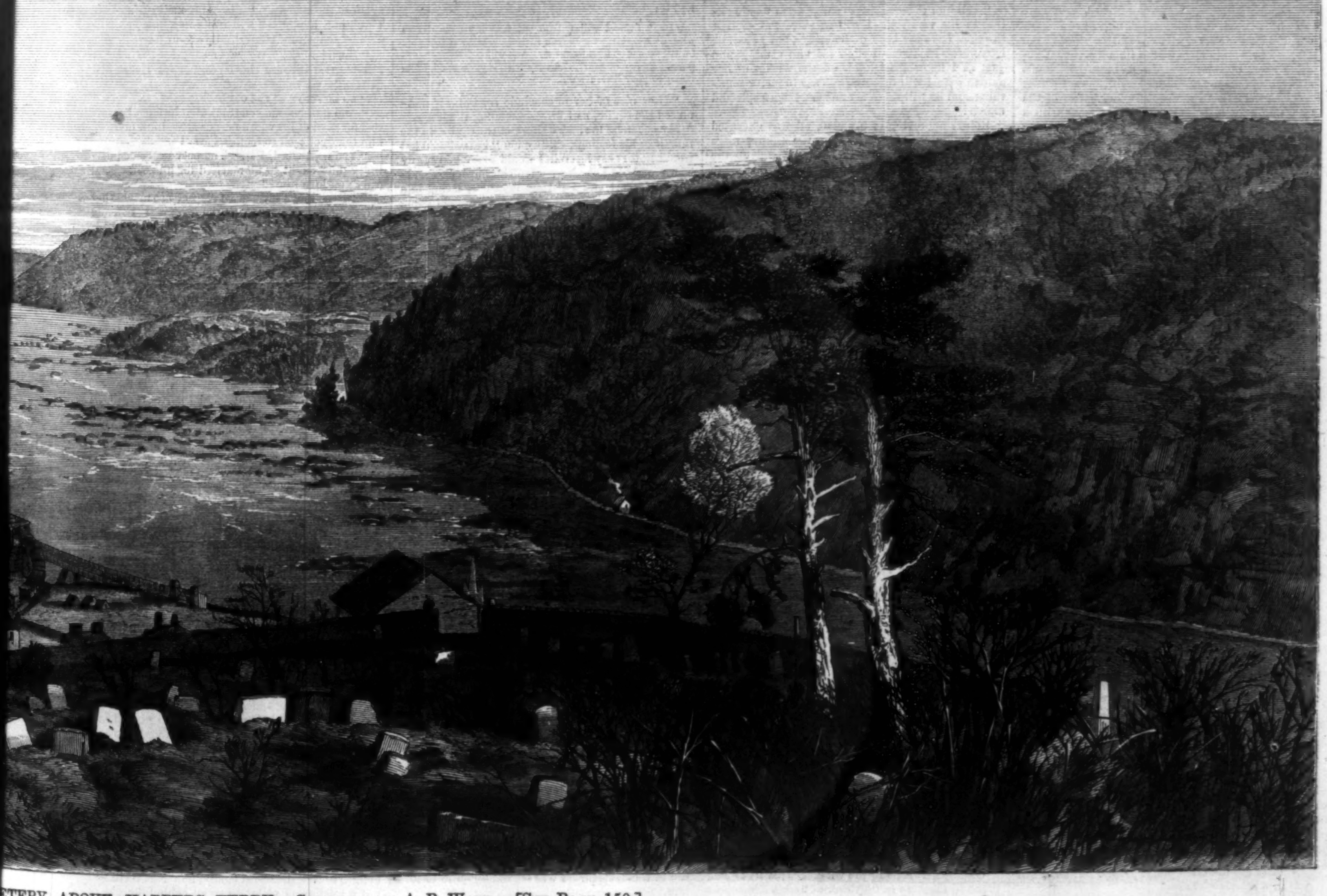
UNITED STATES ARSENAL AT HARPERS FERRY, NOW USED FOR QUARTER-MASTER'S STORES FOR SHERIDAN'S ARMY.—[SKETCHED BY A. R. WAUD.]



JUNCTION OF THE POTOMAC AND SHENANDOAH RIVERS, FROM THE



VIEW IN HARPERS FERRY.—GENERAL STEVENSON'S HEAD-QUARTERS, LOUDON HEIGHTS IN THE DISTANCE.—[SKETCHED BY A. R. WAUD.]



ETERY ABOVE HARPERS FERRY.—SKETCHED BY A. R. WAUD.—[SEE PAGE 150.]

PATTY'S VOCATION.

I.

OUR village is a very pretty one. It nestles in a valley, which valley is crowned with hills—mountains, I may say, of every form and height. Round shouldering hills, covered with a patchwork of fields, and dotted with farm-houses and barns, lead up to slopes of plantations and oak copses, which are again surmounted by the purple-clothed grouse hills. A broad and very beautiful river makes a turn through the valley, enriching and gladdening it. This river is our pride and boast. Part of the village is on one side, part on the other. The two are connected by an old-fashioned substantial wooden bridge, which is never without a passenger on it.

Our modest little house looks down from a tiny eminence on this bridge. Opposite to us, on the other side of the river, is the grand residence of the squire. It is in form like the letter H, and one side matches the other side: which to my mind is very ridiculous. The Hall is so large, and so conspicuous, and has such big windows, that we can almost see every thing that goes on there. But the squire can only just perceive the gable end of our cottage through the trees, so, as I say to Robert, "We have something that the squire has not."

"Don't be envious of the squire, Patty. I have got something more, that he has not, and that is a good wife."

Now, to be sure, it was a sad thing, not only for himself but for all the world about us, that the squire was unmarried. It would make such a difference to the poor, as well as to the rich, to have a sweet amiable happy lady at the Hall. Yet, much as it was to be desired that the squire should marry, never had my match-making propensities dared to interest themselves in him. As to being so presumptuous as to try and match the squire—my goodness me!

Every now and then, by an extreme effort on his part, he gave us all a great stately dinner, at which we had the satisfaction of dining off plate, though we hardly dared open our lips. He gave us the invitation because he thought it his duty to do so, and we accepted it because we thought it our duty to do so. The moment of meeting was dreaded by all of us, the time for parting was happiness to all of us. We ladies, after leaving the dinner-room, moped in the big drawing-room, whispering to each other. The gentlemen crept in by degrees; and the only alacrity shown was in ordering our carriages to go home.

Our cottage was surrounded by a veranda. It was my wont to sit, screened by a great myrtle, and work there. The myrtle shut me from the world. I saw all the world, and especially the bridge, through the myrtle.

One day I saw two strangers loiter on the bridge: an old man and a young girl. The old man left the supporting arm of the girl, and crossed feebly to the other side of the bridge; she was dropping the petals of a rose into the water, and watching them float away. At that moment on to the bridge dashed the squire's carriage.

How is it that meek and quiet men have imperious and haughty servants? When we dined at the Hall the servants gave us the impression that nothing short of their master's absolute commands made them take the trouble of handing us any thing.

Thus, the coachman, adopting the habits of the rest, was accustomed to drive his master with a reckless defiance of the idea of the possibility of the road being required for any other person, that made the villagers fly before it. And in a moment, before the young girl could turn round, the carriage had knocked down and driven over the old man.

I rushed down to the bridge without any shawl or bonnet. When I got there the squire's carriage had stopped, and the squire was assisting the young girl to help the old gentleman up.

Without her being pretty there was something so sweet, so artless, so wonderfully tender, in the young girl's manner as she moved and spoke, that I was instantly taken by her.

By a great mercy the old man seemed not dangerously hurt; that is, he was quite sensible, and able to assure the girl that she might calm her fears. But his leg was broken. That we all saw at once. He was a traveler, merely passing through the country. Where was he to go? What could we do with him? The village inn was by no means good enough. The squire seemed to have forgotten he had a house, and so I offered our house.

The squire jumped at the idea; he called his carriage, bade his imperious footman help him to place the old gentleman within it, and walked himself at the head of his imperious horses, as if that were the only way to make his imperious coachman drive at a foot's pace.

We soon reached the cottage. There all these imperious creatures had to wait, after going for Dr. Leech, then for Mr. Bellenden to assist Dr. Leech, until the old gentleman was not only safe in bed, but had expressed himself as "comfortable, extremely comfortable;" which was as much as one could expect from a person with a broken leg. Finally, prancing at the idea they would no longer be polluted by doing any other business than that of their master, the imperious horses and servants were all ordered off to the neighboring town, and desired to transpose themselves into mere carriers of baggage (and that not their master's), and bring back the luggage of the old gentleman and the young lady.

Now, with having so much to do, I was wholly forgetful of Robert's feelings on the matter. Not until dinner was over, and the young lady had gone up to see if the old gentleman was still continuing "comfortable," did I recollect to say, "My goodness me, Robert, to think of my having done such a thing without your leave!"

"I do not know what you have done; but I know that is the prettiest girl I ever saw."

"Now, Robert!"

Robert did not often praise people. If he did, it was in a roundabout away.

"Robert, she is a French girl."

"And why shouldn't a French girl be pretty?"

"You know she is *not* pretty." N.B. I wonder if I was jealous? However, if I was, that was my first and last twinge. I began to see directly what Robert meant by her being so pretty. She had such sweet ways. She beamed over with goodness, and though she spoke English wonderfully well—astonishingly well—she had a way of placing her words that made every thing she said piquante and lovable. Thus, when I wished her good-night, she had so engaged my heart that I gave her a kiss.

"Ah!" she said, returning it, "that is a thing of you so good! I am no more strange, but a little friend ever to be."

So I was obliged to kiss her again. When we met in the morning she offered her cheek at once, saying:

"Good-morrow, dear friend."

"Patty," said Robert to me, "the squire is in love!"

"My goodness me, Robert, how you startle me! With whom?"

"With Pet."

"Now, Robert!"

Pet was our name for the sweet girl. Her real name was Frances du Chaine. Her mother was an Englishwoman, daughter to the old gentleman driven over by the squire's imperious servants and horses. He called her Fanny. That was too prosaic a name for us. We began with Fanny, but soon got to Pet.

"The squire in love with Pet! As if *I* should not have seen that before you, Robert!"

"Perhaps you ought to have done so—perhaps you would have done so, had he not confided his love to me."

"My dear Robert. Such a splendid match! And the dear child was going to be a governess."

"Patty, don't lose your senses. He fell in love the first day, and wanted to propose on the bridge—"

"Now, Robert!"

"—and every day since; but he does not know how to do it, she is so reserved and shy to him."

"My goodness me, Robert, but that must be altered. Dear me; Pet to live here among us. Oh, my dear Robert, what a fortunate thing was that accident!"

"We don't know yet. Perhaps Pet will not accept the squire."

A fear seemed to rise in my heart, for indeed she seemed to have an antipathy to men, such as some folks have to cats. Only lately had she begun to find out that Robert had nothing obnoxious about him.

"Your Robert," she had said to me, "is good. Oh! so good. He is like a woman."

Perhaps Robert might not have thought this a compliment, and for fear he should not I did not tell him of it.

But at all events, Pet having accorded him her affection, now gave him such abundant proofs of it that he once more thought her the prettiest girl he had ever seen.

"You must go and break the matter to her, Patty."

"Oh no, Robert; let the squire tell her himself."

"But she will not give him the opportunity."

"Tell him to come this evening when we are sitting in the veranda. I will so place Pet as that she shall have her back to the bridge, but I shall be looking on it. Thus I shall see him coming, and just as I know his hand is on the wicket of our garden gate I will make a pretense to go for something, and he will catch her alone. Such a splendid match!"

Robert approving of my plan, all was executed most delightfully: except that the squire, more nervous than ever through anxiety, sped up the hill so quickly that I had not given myself time to execute my little manœuvre, and he was so astonished to see me that he tumbled over my work-basket, and, altogether, made an ignominious rather than a pleasing entry.

However, I made a dash after one of my balls of wool as it was rolling down the terrace, and slipped round in by the back way, fervently praying the good fates to attend the squire, and having great misgivings that they would not.

It seems that he did not do amiss. He expressed himself in a manly, honorable manner.

Pet refused the squire because she did not know him enough.

He would wait until she knew him better.

She thought very well of him then, because he was so kind to grandpapa.

She could not have affection such as should be a wife's all in so great hurry.

He would wait—weeks, months, years.

No; she would have no waiting, she was not in love with a wife's duties. She knew nothing of men and their ways, and was not of a mind to try to live with one.

"I must not force myself upon you," said the squire. "I will leave you with this last remark: I love you, and I shall never love any other woman."

"My goodness me! To think of her resisting that, and from the squire too. Robert, she does not know what she is refusing."

"No, she does not, Patty; you must talk to her."

Talk to her! the whole parish talked to her. Her grandfather, now getting strong and well, talked to her until he had tears in his eyes.

"Child," he said, "you must not think only of yourself. Remember the benefit to your family. So kind and good a man will doubtless make your brothers and sisters his own. I am old; soon, probably, I shall be a greater burden on your poor mother than the youngest of her children. Who is to take care of you all?"

"It is not right, grandpapa, to marry a man for that."

"It is not," he answered; "but you are thoughtless. What more can you require in a husband than what is now offered you?"

"He is a man so tall—I love not men so tall."

Grandpapa spoke to the winds. This little wild innocent creature could think of nothing but flowers, and pets, and child's fancies. So the squire wooed in vain, and my heart bled for him.

"Oh, Robert, what are we to do? If she was only Sarah Jane for five minutes—if she was only me."

"What! You would commit bigamy and marry the squire?"

"It distresses me so to see him, Robert. He was very thin before, and so awkward, but now he is a walking-stick. Pray, Robert, don't worry me with ridiculous ideas. I am miserable enough as it is, and old Mr. Hamilton declares he is well enough to go home."

"I think so too; I do not wish to seem inhospitable; I wish no one to think me unreasonable; but I own I look forward to having my cottage and my wife once more to myself with a vast deal of pleasure."

"How can you be so unfeeling, Robert; you don't think of what will happen if they go away. The squire will never see Pet again, and we shall have no lady at the Hall."

"Hah! Now a light strikes on me. We are not wholly actuated by love of the squire, we think a little of ourselves."

"Get away with you, Robert; no one being by, I may tell you you are most provoking."

And Pet and her father did go away, and the squire was left forlorn.

But Robert was properly punished for his want of sympathy; for the poor squire was up at our house morning, noon, and night. He came in the morning to ask if we had heard from her. He came at noon to talk about her, and he came at night to ask me if I had written to her. Hitherto I have presented our squire to public view as a man possessing negative qualities or virtues. Yet I am happy to say he was not so wholly different from the rest of the world as to be without some peculiarity or virtue. He wrote the best hand and the best letter that any man could write.

Remembering this, I happily hit upon the idea that he should begin a correspondence with Pet, sending the first letter under cover to her grandfather. It was not to be a lover's letter, but merely a chatty, amusing, friendly letter.

"Heaven help the squire!" thought I, as he started up on this proposal like a meagre figure of famine, anxiously on the look-out for a hot loaf from the oven. "How can he write any thing amusing or chatty!"

But he did. And he brought me the letter to read.

Well, Pet did not answer the letter for days. I thought the poor squire would vanish into thin air. But, after he had written six letters at least, he received one in return.

There was a solemn joy in his face as he appeared with the letter closely buttoned up in the inner breast-pocket of his coat. He drew it forth, as a man might draw forth a treasure that no one else ever possessed or could ever possess.

"It is short," he said, as he handed it to me, at the same time giving a little chuckle that you might suppose a child would give over a box of sugar-plums. Poor dear squire!—as I said to Robert.

Here it is, spelling, grammar, and all, just as he had it:

"DEAR SIR,—I will not go out into my new bisness without a letter, eversomuch little as it is to thank you, for the favor you have done me. And which delight grandpapa, and my mamma, and they both say, do much of an honor to your little friend PET."

"How nice of her to conclude so, Patty!" murmured the squire, as I finished reading the letter.

My goodness me! To think of the squire, in the tumult of his feelings, calling me "Patty." What would Robert say? What would every body say? The proud old housekeeper! The imperious servants! Robert and I perfect nobodies, living in a little cottage, and keeping a farm. I am not going to tell my real name, so I may confess that I have churned the butter very often when Robert has had the whole household out in the hay-field, and has left no one at home but the cat. And I can make cheese; and altogether I am not at all the sort of person to be on such familiar terms as to be called Patty by the squire. It turned me scarlet.

But I had to tell him what I thought of the conclusion of Pet's note. Should I call him by his Christian name? The bare idea brought me to my senses. It was a pretty name—Oliver. The surname, of course, I dare not tell here for my life, but it was only of one syllable, which was the proper thing to go with a Christian name of three. But to go on with the conclusion of Pet's letter. I must confess I saw nothing in this scrap of writing from beginning to end, conclusion and all, that warranted any one being in the least excited about it. And when I heard that her grandfather had insisted, and her mother commanded, and both stood over her, and one gave her a new pen before the letter could be written, I was more than ever puzzled what to say. But of course the squire never knew what trouble Pet gave those about her before he got his long-expected letter.

"My dear Patty," exclaimed the squire, quite hastily, "why do you not answer me?"

His dear Patty! As if I was his sister! Well, to be sure! But I was already so scarlet I could not become more so.

So, as I can do on great occasions, I collected myself; and assuming a confidential and sisterly air, said,

"I do think she wishes to be friendly, putting Pet instead of Frances du Chaine."

"That is just it, Patty; exactly what I feel. If she had desired to put me down altogether—to snub me outright—she would not have put Pet." And again the squire gave that foolish little feminine chuckle. "I have great hopes," he continued, "that she will dislike her new duties. I have been in the neighborhood, and have made inquiries, and, from all I can learn, the people she is going to are not at all refined. They will not suit her ideas at all, she is so essentially a lady."

Think of our shy, awkward, proud squire talking in this fashion. I was beginning quite to love him.

Certainly, as the squire said, her new duties did not agree with her. She came to us to spend her first holidays with a bad cold and cough, and was very thin and white. But she was as saucy as ever, and regarded the squire and all his devoted attentions as if she had been a young princess and he the page appointed to run by her stirrup.

One day he asked to speak to me alone.

"Tell her, Patty," said he, "that I am going away. I see my presence is irksome to her. It is necessary that she should have rest and quiet before she returns to governessing. I think she will be happier, and will soon regain her former strength and spirits, if she is left only with you and Robert. Go and tell her so. I shall try to make myself happy with the recollection of her thanks."

So good and unselfish of the squire!

I gave his message, with a little spice of my own added.

I was delighted to see that she was more astonished than pleased.

"Going away!" she exclaimed. "Why for? I am not too teased. I think not of him."

"Shall I tell him to stay, Pet?"

"No, no. You are of all Pattys the most naughty. I give no message; I say nothing; I am as one who has not had the least of a message. Why do he and me have messages? We are free of each other."

She missed him. I was afraid to write and tell him. Moreover, one day, when going over the Hall, to which we had free admittance, and that without the surveillance of any of the servants, if Pet did not throw herself down upon one of the blue satin covered chairs, on which I never dared to sit except when I had on my best gown, and say, "Ah, Patty, would you like to see fine lady? Look at me. I know all the airs. I have in me a doting of finery, and I love lace and pearls, and I have a wish to be gracious and dignified. See this courtesy that I make you. And if you were not much to my liking I would be haughty, thus."

The airs the child gave herself!

"Do not look at me so, my best Patty, all eversomuch astonished. You are farmer's wife, yet the prettiest lady and sweetest friend. Why not little governess full of fine lady ways? We like that best, sometimes, that is not ever to be ours."

"Ever, child!" I exclaimed, significantly.

She blushed—positively blushed—and made no answer.

That evening I had a serious talk with Pet.

"Child," said I, very severely, "you are a very aggravating, provoking, good-for-nothing sort of a thing. Why not love so good a man—so respected, so excellent? I declare I love him almost as much as if he was Robert."

She flushed up, evidently pleased.

"But—but — yes — he is good — more — and he is—"

"Well?"

"He is not bad; but he is man."

"You can not marry a woman."

"I not marry at all. Why not be the friend, the great friend, dear friend?" And as she said this she was more scarlet than ever I was in all my life.

"She must love him," I thought, and rushed again to the charge. "You must marry him, Pet. Think how happy you will make us; how you will delight your grandfather, relieve your mo—"

"Hush! hush! Was ever so bad a Patty? A girl marries because she loves, not for riches and friends."

"To be sure; so she ought."

"And he—he—do you think that he must be married for good of his wife's friends? I think more of him than you; oh so foolish Patty!"

"You do, indeed, Pet. The poor dear good darling squire ought to be married for himself. And can't you love him?"

"I have much love, great respect—so much, that if he was not the squire, so rich, so great, I should say I can love, but not marry."

"And why not marry, supposing the squire became poor?"

"I love not marrying." And she blushed deeper and deeper.

"Why? Why?" I asked, all curious and anxious.

She put her rosy lips to my ear, whispered something, and then sprang away, laughing with all her might.

What a ridiculous creature! Why I no more minded—indeed I was quite anxious—but how am I to tell it here? Perhaps I had better say that I told Robert. Robert laughed heartily, and, says he: "If Pet objects to being kissed by the squire when she accepts him, we will get him to forego the ceremony."

That was her whisper.

Such a ridiculous idea! What could have put it into her head? To be sure, when Robert told me he was going to marry me, I did not think it at all a certain fact until he had kissed me, and then I knew that for evermore I was his and he mine.

"Come, don't cry about it," said Robert. "One thing is pretty certain to me: if Pet refuses the squire because she has an objection to being kissed by him, I will bet you fifty pounds she ends in marrying him."

I never was so perplexed. I was in such a state that I really was almost—not quite—glad when Pet's time was up, and she had to go back to her governessing.

II.

SUCH a ridiculous idea!

I kept saying this to myself as soon as ever I saw the squire again; for, though he was very tall and a little grim-visaged, yet he had a handsome mouth, very fine teeth, and—in short, one might be saluted by somebody much worse.

Indeed, the squire was improving vastly. Now he had not only a fashionable collar, but absolutely one of those little ties that Robert says are meant for grasshoppers, not men; in short, the squire not only looked fashionable and well got up, but also seemed to feel quite a comfort in the change. Being obliged to face the world boldly, now that there was not a fraction of collar to creep behind, he did so resolutely. And his confidence—upon my word, his confidence about Pet's loving him at last beat Robert's all to nothing.

"My goodness me, Robert, if he is disappointed after all!" said I to Robert, behind our bed-curtains one night.

"Wait until he is, Patty."

"But I feel for him so, poor fellow! and he is going to paper and paint, and new-furnish the house, and alter the entrance, and put in a bow-window to the summer drawing-room—and suppose he does it all for nothing! However, it will amuse him, I hope, and make the time pass."

As the months glided away, I must confess that if ever a woman did her best to make another woman love a man, I was that woman. I wrote to Pet sheets upon sheets of all my private ideas; and Pet's letters began to pour in almost daily, and were full of questions; and it was astonishing how all these questions had reference to the squire. It would be endless to describe the thousand odd questions in Pet's letters.

Never shall I forget my amazement, when one day, just catching sight of the bridge, as I ran by the staircase window, I perceived an extraordinary figure, without a hat, and with coat-tails flying, striding over the bridge, as if he had seven-leagued boots; and before I could take breath, there was the squire thundering at the cottage door.

"She accepts me!" he exclaimed, as he burst into the house, and threw me a letter.

Such a letter! Of that letter I do not like to say much. It was totally and entirely different from any thing like what Sarah Jane would have written. If I had been the squire, I should not have considered it at all the sort of letter to receive upon such an occasion.

"Robert," I said solemnly to him, on telling him what was in the letter, "she does not love him, she only marries him because we have persuaded her. And he has begged me to ask her here."

"Then do it, Patty; and when she comes whip her; if you do not I will."

When she arrived, if Robert did not pet her, and coax her, and humor her, until I was so bewildered that I quite forgot to order dinner one day, let alone putting my balls of wool (I am always knitting) under the clucking hen instead of her own eggs, which I only found out when the eggs went smash on the floor out of my work-basket. Such a lovely sitting, and all from my gray Dorking! However, I must allow that Pet required petting. She was as pale as a clean shirt, and as thin as Robert's oldest stockings, which it is of no use to mend any more.

As for her spirits, she had none. No more chatterations, no more acting of great ladies; she was as dumb as any dumb-waiter.

It was just what I thought. She was going to marry the squire, and she did not think she loved him.

"At this moment, oh! best Patty, I have a shudder of marrying."

"Then don't do it."

"But I will."

"You naughty Pet, the squire is far too good for you. He worships you, and he has a most tender heart, and you will break it, if you marry him and do not love him."

"Now hear this, Patty. He writes to me; he says he loves me, and me only; never before, since, or again, will he love. I think this good; I like that, it makes me see he is not like other men; so I am interested. Then he says in his letter, that I am not to force myself to love him, or to think of him at all. I am to live always for now, as if we had never met. He will not ever come in my sight, because he can not come, but that he will always wish I was his wife. So he says 'Adieu' finally. Now, Patty, what do you think I find? Tears, tears, running down my cheeks. I say, 'What are these tears? Are you sorry, you bad girl?' And the answer is, 'I am sorry.' So then I write and say, I like not that adieu; and when the answer comes to my letter, it is himself. Then I say nothing, but that I will write once more, which I do, and I am this bad girl. I have said I will marry, and I like not to marry."

"Let me speak to the squire; let me break it off; it will be utter misery to you both if you marry."

"Why misery?" says she, hotly.

To be sure, there was no understanding the girl!

And what a martyr she looked, on her wedding-day. Of course Robert and I went to the wedding, and I almost went on my knees to beg her to let me break it off, even the very day before.

How the squire got through the time of his courtship without an attempt to hang or drown himself, or to hate her, and break with her, I do not know. She was more cross-grained and cantankerous than our brindled cow, which we were at last obliged to sell, though she was the best milker we ever had. Fourteen pounds of butter twice— But I am forgetting Pet's wedding-day. She was married, and if the squire had married a statue she could not have been more stony. And the squire behaved like an angel, even if he did not look like one.

"I shall take her far away from you all," says he to Robert. "Then by degrees she will become accustomed to me, and having no one else to talk to, she will gradually find herself chatting to me, as she did when first I knew her."

"Patty, you are a match-maker."

Now I am sure every body must see, after reading this history, that the squire made his own bed, and so must lie on it. He *would* marry her, though she plainly showed she hated the idea of it. I did every thing I could to prevent it, and why she persisted in marrying him is one of those mysterious paradoxes that can never be explained. Did she secretly like him? or did she desire to be rich? or had her mother persuaded her? or her grandfather commanded her? I asked myself these questions a dozen times over, and could not answer them. Then I asked Robert, and he said at once:

"She is a woman, Patty, of all animals the most curiously fashioned and incomprehensibly organized."

"Now, Robert!"

Isn't it odd that men, even the best of men, such as Robert is, should have such odd notions of women? And there is another weakness, too, which they possess in a frightful degree. They can not bear to think themselves in the wrong.

"Whipped! so she ought. Pet is a humbug, Patty. I believe she loves him; yet she has never called him Oliver once."

"No more she did, and we must not call her Pet any more. It is too familiar for the squire's lady."

"Pooh! he calls you his dear Patty. And quite right too. I agree with him. You are a dear Patty."

"Of course, Robert, that is very nice of you to say so."

"What are you crying about, Patty?"

"Oh, Robert, if he now feels that he has made a mistake—that it can not be undone—that she loves somebody else!"

"Of all the absurd little Patty. I ever knew you are the most preposterous. Dry your eyes, or I will have a divorce. I shall have the rheumatism for a week through merely sitting by such a damp creature. For your comfort, learn that the squire said to me: If he fancied Pet's aversion to matrimony was aversion to himself he would never have permitted an engagement to take place between them. But he could not help fancying he had the best chance of any man, and he did not see why he should lose it because she had some odd unaccustomed notions, very unlike your gushing Sarah Janes and impulsive Pattys."

"Robert, hold your tongue. I won't sit here and have my sex abused. I hope, Robert, you will remember to be kind and forbearing to me, for I expect to be utterly miserable."

III.

My goodness me! what a turn it gave me when I saw the carriages go over the bridge, and Robert waving his hat like mad, and I waved my handkerchief too, and Pet—I mean the squire's lady—peeped out and saw me, and waved back. And upon my word there was the carriage with the imperious horses and the imperious servants careering back, after putting them down at the Hall, and coming up to our door with the squire's and the squire's lady's compliments, and would I be so kind as to come up and see them?

Dear me, how I cried all the way up, just for nothing, and if there was not Robert at the great Hall door, and caught me at it, and gave me quite a shaking as he helped me out; but he had not time to scold, for there was Pet with her arms round my neck.

She looked well; she did not look unhappy; she seemed a little embarrassed. It *was* a very embarrassing situation.

I must say the squire, for a shy, awkward man, acquitted himself beautifully. In fact, he did not seem to care in the least. The more they shouted the more he seemed pleased. The more they wanted to shake hands and congratulate the more he obliged them.

And he made a speech, the first I suppose he ever got through without saying just what he did not intend to say.

"I thank you, my kind friends, for your warm welcome to my wife. I can only say that the more you know of her the more reason will you see for regarding me as one of the happiest of men. I trust, my kind neighbors, and you, my tenants, will unite with me in making her so happy among us that she will regard this day as the brightest of her life."

"Now, Robert, if the squire had said that of me, I should have said, 'No, there is one brighter: the day on which I married you.'"

"And what has the day you married me got to do with the squire?"

"I have great misgivings. Why does she not call him Oliver?"

"He seems very contented. I never saw him look better, and he is on the broad grin all the time. I will tell you what I saw."

"What? Oh what, Robert?"

"When he welcomed her home he gave her a kiss."

"No! before all the people! and what did she say?"

"She said, 'May the carriage go for Patty?'"

"Darling creature!"

So upon the whole my mind was a little more easy now. She had rather a grave, sedate way with her, but she did not look unhappy, while the squire was positively radiant.

They celebrated their return home by a series of entertainments. As I dressed to go to their first dinner-party I could not help thinking of those dull affairs, so irksome to us all, that the squire gave when he was a bachelor. I wondered how it would be now, and if Pet would act the great lady, or the haughty lady, or the supercilious wife.

While I was thinking, if the imperious carriage with the imperious horses and servants did not drive up to our door!

She looked so pretty when she came forward to greet us: not fine, or grand, or supercilious, but just herself, beautifully dressed, and conscious that she was beautifully dressed, and looked well. As for the squire, he beamed with admiration. He could not take his eyes off her, and upon my word if she didn't seem to enjoy it.

And as if to reward him, she said, with a little sort of quick glance under her eyes, as I admired a new bracelet she had on:

"Yes, it is the prettiest I ever saw; Oliver gave it me."

And then she said another thing. She said to me:

"I have no care, no want, no ugly business of teaching. I arrange my dress, I walk through my house, I give great orders, I send mamma all the notes the old thing gives me."

"Old thing!" I exclaimed, aghast.

"Yes, old thing; you are 'old thing' sometimes, and Robert. See, now, I will call him by that name. Old thing, I want you!" And the squire turned to her, delighted, bending down his stately back to listen to her little whisper, as pleased as if she had said "darling."

"Oh, my dear Robert!" said I, "did you ever see any thing so delightful, and did you ever enjoy yourself more? Was it not a merry dinner, and how we all chatted afterward! When I remember what I have endured in that great drawing-room, what a blessed change!"

We were all in the greatest state about Pet, and the dear sweet darling squire's lady she made. And our county people paid her the greatest compliments, and quite loved her. No party was thought any thing of unless our squire's lady was there. As for the poor, they adored her; as for the imperious servants, they worshiped her.

And did she at last love the dear good squire, who had so instantaneously discovered what a darling she was?

We could not tell. The "old thing" seemed necessary to her happiness, if one might judge by the many times she invoked him. Not as heretofore, in a shy, half-ashamed way, but openly, and rather ostentatiously.

"Where is my old thing?" she would say, imperiously. "I am here at a loss for what to do or say, and there is no old thing to tell me."

She had settled it between her and me, that when she required me for any particular purpose she was to place her pocket-handkerchief at her bedroom window: upon the seeing of which I was to hasten up to the great house.

Imagine my state of mind when one morning, on looking up at the great house, it appeared as if there was a white signal in every window.

"My goodness me, Robert, look there! They must have quarreled. Never, never more will I make another match. Oh, my dear Robert, help me on with my shawl. Where is my bonnet? Do come with me; I shall cry my eyes out. Never, never will I make another match!"

Robert kindly consented to come with me: partly moved to do so, he said, lest I really should cry my eyes out, and then who would there be to do every thing for him? But I knew better. He was just as anxious as I was. So we hurried up. We took the liberty of not ringing at the front-door bell, but ran in by the garden entrance.

There, in her boudoir, the prettiest and sweetest of all rooms, blue all over, lay Pet on her sofa, her face buried in the cushions.

"Oh, my darling child!" I exclaimed, "let your poor Patty comfort you! Tell me, dear, what has he done? What has happened?"

"Oh, Patty, I am of all creatures eversomuch the most unhappy!"

"My darling, my dearest, sweetest darling, what can I do to show my devotion to you?"

"That is what *he* said; but he goes all the same. Oh, Patty, a miserable man of a lawyer has sent for Oliver on odious business, and he has gone away for two days. I could not bear myself, I am so much unhappy, so I sent for you. And oh! if there is an accident—if a smash on the train—I shall die; I know I shall die. And I feel as if I hate Oliver's little child that is coming, because I am not to go with him, and be in the smash of the train too."

"My goodness gracious me, Robert, am I standing on my head or my heels?"

"Bodily, you are all right, Patty; mentally, I can hardly say. But, at all events, you are not so wholly distracted as to be any longer blind to Pet's love for her husband."

"Love," sighed Pet, "I know not what you call love. I want Oliver, my Oliver, my own husband. I can not live two days without my old thing!"

And Pet and I cried and laughed together, and upon my word I think Robert was just going to join us in both performances, when the door opened and in walked the squire. With a cry of delight Pet sprang up and flew into his arms, and then we heard sounds that— But, however, it is not fair for me to tell. In fact, the sounds very distinctly proved that Pet had changed some of her ideas.

"Pet is a hypocrite," says Robert to me, as he tucked my arm under his, and we sped away home as quickly as we came. "She has loved him from the first."

"My dear Robert; our squire's lady—calling her names!"

"She is a hypocrite—you never gave me such a hug."

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

A Careful Housewife wishes to know what is the best way of procuring vinegar. We should think sending out and buying it.

Etty Mology wants to know the derivation of the expression, "You are a stunner." We believe it was first employed by a young lady who was very much "struck" by a young man's appearance.

Komx Ompax is desirous of learning some means to prevent his nose from becoming red. He should avoid dipping it into alcoholic liquors. If he tight laces, he had better leave off either the habit or his nose, whichever may be most convenient.

Vox is anxious to learn to sing. Go and give a music-master gold, and he will give you notes in exchange.

Blunderbuss says the other day he saluted a young lady, by mistake, for his wife, and wants to know why she did not resent it. Perhaps she was a Mussulwoman, and thought it was *Kis-met*.

Why is the letter "m" one of the chief causes of an appreciation of melody?—Because without it music would make you sick.

SEASONABLE STATEMENTS.

When people skate quadrilles the performance may for convenience be described as a snow ball.

Although there are no other signs of coming snow, we may, when we see a young gentleman putting on skates for the first time, predict an early fall.

Although there are no indications of an approaching thaw, the sight of a great many people on thin ice is a sign of a break-up.

Though no prognostics of rain can be observed, we may, if we see four or five gentlemen turn into a tavern, look out for a few drops.

The chief amusement in the park appears to be now the cutting of figures. This is not confined to those on the ice, for we have seen people cutting extraordinary figures on the banks; indeed, we cut one ourselves—in the shape of an eccentric relative from the country.

A Corpulent Comparative.—We understand that Mr. Banting, who was never great until he had grown smaller, complains that the use of the invented verb "bant" is comparatively a joke on too serious a subject. Corpulence may be a weighty matter, but positively "bant" bears no comparison with "banter."

THE HAPPY EPIGRAM.

"May we ne'er want a friend nor a bottle to give him!"
Said Solomon once (and his proverbs outlive him);
So I'll give you this bottle, dear friend, in a minute,
But not while there's—*hic*—while there's *any thing in it!*

Kissing Considered, by Josh Billings.—"Man was made tew mourn," so warbled Burns, "and woman was made tew kiss," so warbles Billings. One ov theze sentiments haz bin alreddy immortalized, and the other I intend shall be az soon az the Legislater meets. I am not yet lusid how I shall bring the matter befoar that honorabel boddy: but I dew kno how the honorabel boddy feals on the subject, and how tha will ackt if ever tha hav a good chanse. To give a fertile and golden opinyun, upon kissing in the lump and kissing in the detale, requires a man ov truth, and sum experiense in telling it, and alzo ov taste, and sum experiense in tasteing. Kissing is one of thoze fu things that is eazier dun than deskribed; in fack, about the onla way tew deskribe it well iz tew do it well. It iz without doubt a verry anshunt enterprize; and judgeing from what we kno ov human natur in this latitude, it must hav struk Adam az a good investment, when he fust diskovered hiz wife. If Adam didn't kiss Eve at sight, he ain't the man I take him tew be; and if Eve didn't relish it, it must hav bin bekanze it want well did. Thare iz one thing about kissing in the lump different from the rest ov the fine arts, and that iz, it don't require enny edikashun tew dew it; I hav even thort that the more unedikated it waz did (provided it didn't miss the mark) the more touching it waz tew behold. But kissing iz a good deal like eating; thare iz not much fun (when a person iz hungry) in standing by, and see it did bi anuther fellow, if it iz did ever so well. It iz one ov the cheapest and healthyest luxurys ov the season, and don't sho enny disposishun tew go out ov fashion, and will keep sweet in enny climate. Upon the whole, if yu examin kissing in the lump, clusely, yu will be led tew exclaim: Fustly, that it iz az eazy tew hav it did az it iz handy tew dew it. Sekundly, that it iz like Cowper's tea, it cures a man without corning him; and, Thirdly, it iz a frugal, highly consentrated, and reverend luxury.

Why has the noble animal that carries the Queen of Siam's palanquins nothing whatever to do with the subject?—Because it's her elephant (*irrelevant*).

Why is a summary of to-day's *Times* like a sweet thing in cloaks?—Because it's the Bare-noos.

Inalienable Rights.—Every woman has a right to be of any age she pleases, for if she were to state her real age no one would believe her. Every one has a right to wear a mustache if he can. Every woman who makes puddings has a right to believe she can make better pudding than any other woman in the world. Every man who carves has a decided right to think of himself, by putting a few of the best bits aside. Every woman has a right to think her child the "prettiest little baby in the world," and it would be the greatest folly to deny her this right, for she would be sure to take it. Every young lady has a right to faint when she pleases, if her lover is by her side to catch her.

At the Lewinsville skirmish the colonel of the Nineteenth Indiana, noticing some of his men ducking their heads as the shells fell about, rode along the line calling out to them, "Boys, hold up your heads, and act like men." Immediately after, however, an 18-pounder shell burst within a few yards of him, scattering the fragments in all directions. Instinctively he jerked his head almost to the saddle-bow, while his horse squatted with fear. "Boys," said he, as he raised up and reined in his steed, "You *may* dodge the large ones."

"Kill it!"—Affected young lady, seated in a rocking-chair, reading the Bible, exclaims, "Mother, here is a grammatical error in the Bible!" Mother, lowering her specs, and approaching the reader in a very scrutinizing attitude, says, "Kill it! kill it! it's the very thing that has been eating the book-marks."

A Curious Bill.—The following is a copy of a bill found among the ruins of Wentworth Abbey (Earl Fitzwilliam).—November 1, 1605.—"Rev. J. Macguire, to J. Jones, joiner, for repairs to Roman Catholic chapel. For solidly repairing St. Joseph, 4*d.*; cleaning and ornamenting the Holy Ghost, 6*d.*; for repairing the V. M. behind and before, and making her a new child, 5*s.* 6*d.*; for making a new nose to the devil, putting a horn on his head, and gluing a piece to his tail, 6*s.* 6*d.*; total, 12*s.* 10*d.* Settled—J. Jones."

A Sea of Troubles.—The Papal see, just about this time.

TYRIAN PURPLE.

The public have been familiarized of late years with the fact of the most fashionable and most beautiful colors of these modern times having been produced from the waste products of coal—we allude to what are known as the aniline dyes, those deep and lovely blues, reds, purples, and violets, which as mauve, magenta, solferino, etc., have in all kinds of fabrics become so attractive to the ladies. The history of the production of these vivid shades of color reminds us of how the most famed of all dye-stuffs was produced, namely, the Tyrian purple, which was a preparation of matter taken out of a slug animal inhabiting a sea-shell found on the shores of Tyre and the Mediterranean, the *Murex trunculus*, and others of the *Murices*, of which there are altogether about sixty different varieties.

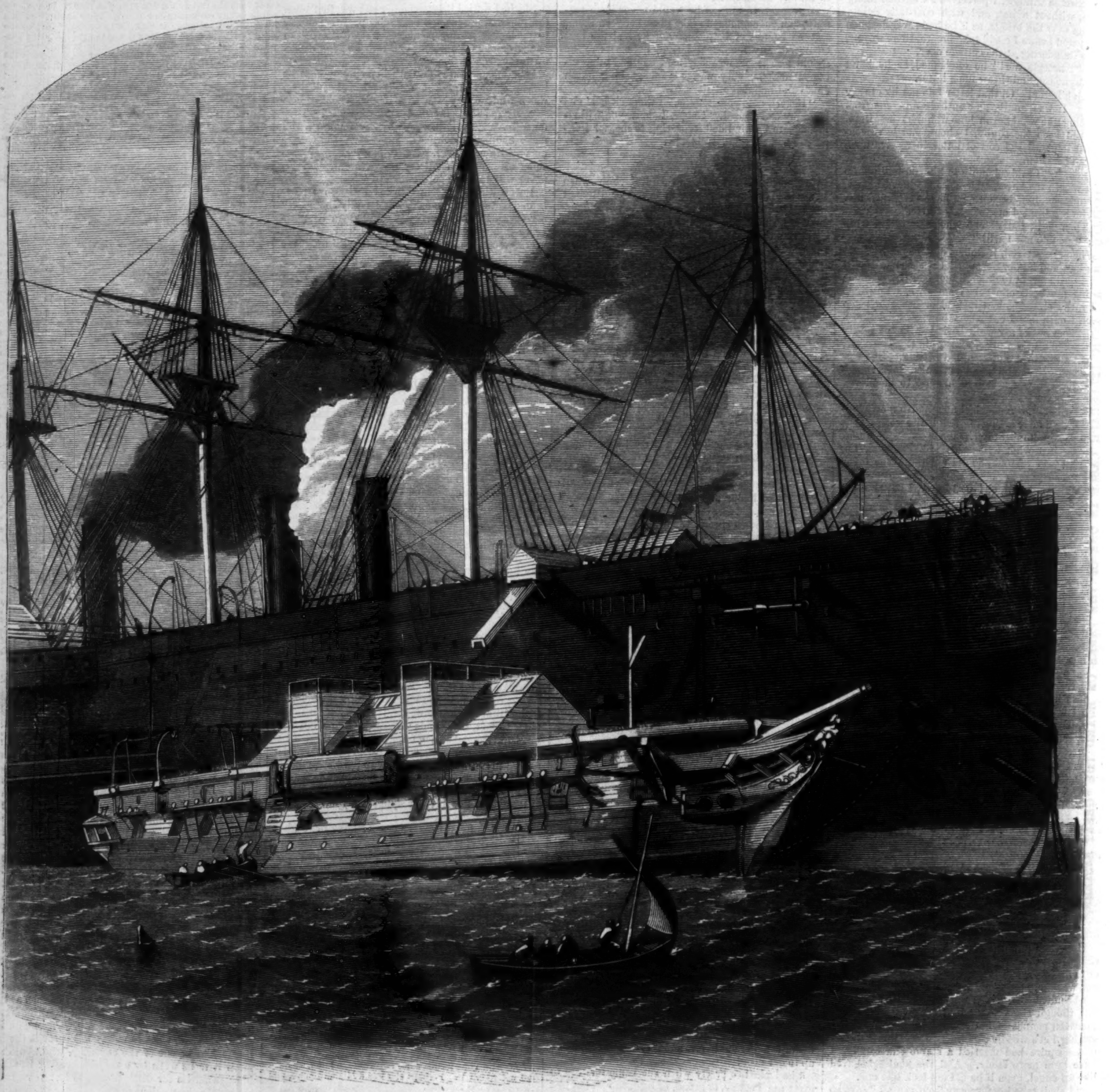
In Italy none but the first among the people were allowed to wear purple, and it was not till a great increase of luxury had taken place that even the lower ranks of high society ventured on such a symbol of wealth and taste. It is said that the art of making this purple, as practiced in Tyre and on the Mediterranean, was ultimately lost through the imperiousness of one of the emperors, who would not allow it to be worn by a subject, holding it, under high penalties for disobedience, to be the prerogative of the throne alone to wear robes of the imperial color.

Other shells besides the one named were called into use in the extraction of purple and dyes of a similar color, as the *Murex brandaris* and the *Buccinum*, or trumpet fish, and on our own shores at a future time the whelk, in its many varieties, was extensively used. Duhamel du Monceau discovered the *Purpura* in great abundance on the coast of Provence. Mr. Cole also found out that the dog whelk gave the dye, and Mr. Bancroft followed with experiments on the *Buccinum*, while a French naturalist, who was exploring the coast of Poitou, discovered that the dye could be extracted from th spawn emitted on the rocks by these shell-fish.

There is no authentic account of how the Tyri purple was extracted, but the *modus operandi*, infer, would be very simple: the requisite qua of shells being gathered, they would be broke force, so regulated, however, as not to injure animal, and a certain little vein being opened, a few drops of the rich coloring fluid would be obtained; but the substance was so intense—for according to the Abbé Raynal no color can be compared to it either in depth of tone or duration, of which latter assertion we have proof in the fact of the Greeks having found purple robes in the treasury of the king of Persia that were known to be two hundred years old, and yet were brilliant as ever—that a very little of this matter, which must, we think, have been largely diluted, went a long way in the process of dyeing. Another way was to draw the animal out of its shell, squeeze it gently to obtain the much-coveted liquor, and then allow it again to retire into its house, the animal being restored to a tank to feed and gather additional dye. This process was repeated till the animal became so weak and worthless that it was thrown to feed other fish. Smaller shells again were entirely crushed in a kind of mill, and the liquor drained off for use. The tint varied considerably it seems, according to the living and feeding-place of the animal, just as it is found in the present day that the color and flavor of all kinds of fish are dependent on the kind of water in which they live, and the quality of the food they can obtain. The largest and best fed *Murices*, of course, produced the finest dye.

A Bristol merchant of the name of Cole leaves us some crude information on the subject of this dye, dated so far back as 1684. This gentleman had heard through his correspondents of an ingenious Irishman who gained a great deal of money by marking fine linen with a beautiful purple color, the preparation of which was a secret only known to himself. Setting out in search of this native genius, Mr. Cole was not long in discovering that his fine coloring matter was obtained from a sea-shell. Briefly his directions, which apply to the whelk (*Buccinum*), are as follows: when the shell has been lightly broken, throw the slug, *i.e.*, the inhabitant of the shell, into fresh water, where it will very speedily die. A white vein will then be seen lying transversely next to the head of the fish, and the matter from this vessel must be picked out with a camel hair pencil—it forms the dye. This is a suitable substance to write with on either calico or silk; the figures, in marking linen, will first, as Mr. Cole tells us, appear of a green, then of a yellow color, and then by successive changes will at last become purple. The mode of dyeing adopted by the Tyrians was to gather all the liquor into a bath, in which, for a longer or shorter period, always according to the intensity of color desired, they steeped the wool or other substance which was to be colored.

After the wool had been immersed for the requisite time in this preliminary bath, it was then thrown into a boiler filled with the liquor of another variety of shell-fish, and the stuffs that underwent this double process were very greatly esteemed and very costly, each pound weight of the colored wool being valued at not less than thirty pounds sterling! In fact, the genuine purple was even more valuable than gold itself. Immense quantities of the shell-fish were required, because each pound weight of stuff to be dyed required six pounds of the dye liquor, which must, of course, have been greatly diluted; but not even the well-known fecundity of shell-fish could stand such a constant drain as was needed for the dye-works; and of the quantities used we have evidence in the mounds that remain, so that it is no wonder that in time the art was abandoned or lost, rather because of a want of the raw material than from any tyrannical restriction in the manufacture. If we wanted to resume the making of this purple nowadays an eminent scientific man tells us that the best and cheapest way to manufacture it would be, not from these shell-fish, but from Peruvian guano. However, with the brilliant aniline dyes of the nineteenth century there is no need for us to reintroduce the Tyrian purple, even with the knowledge of the fact before us, that we could artificially cultivate the "buckies" in any required quantity, in the same way as we can multiply our supplies of oysters or pearl mussels

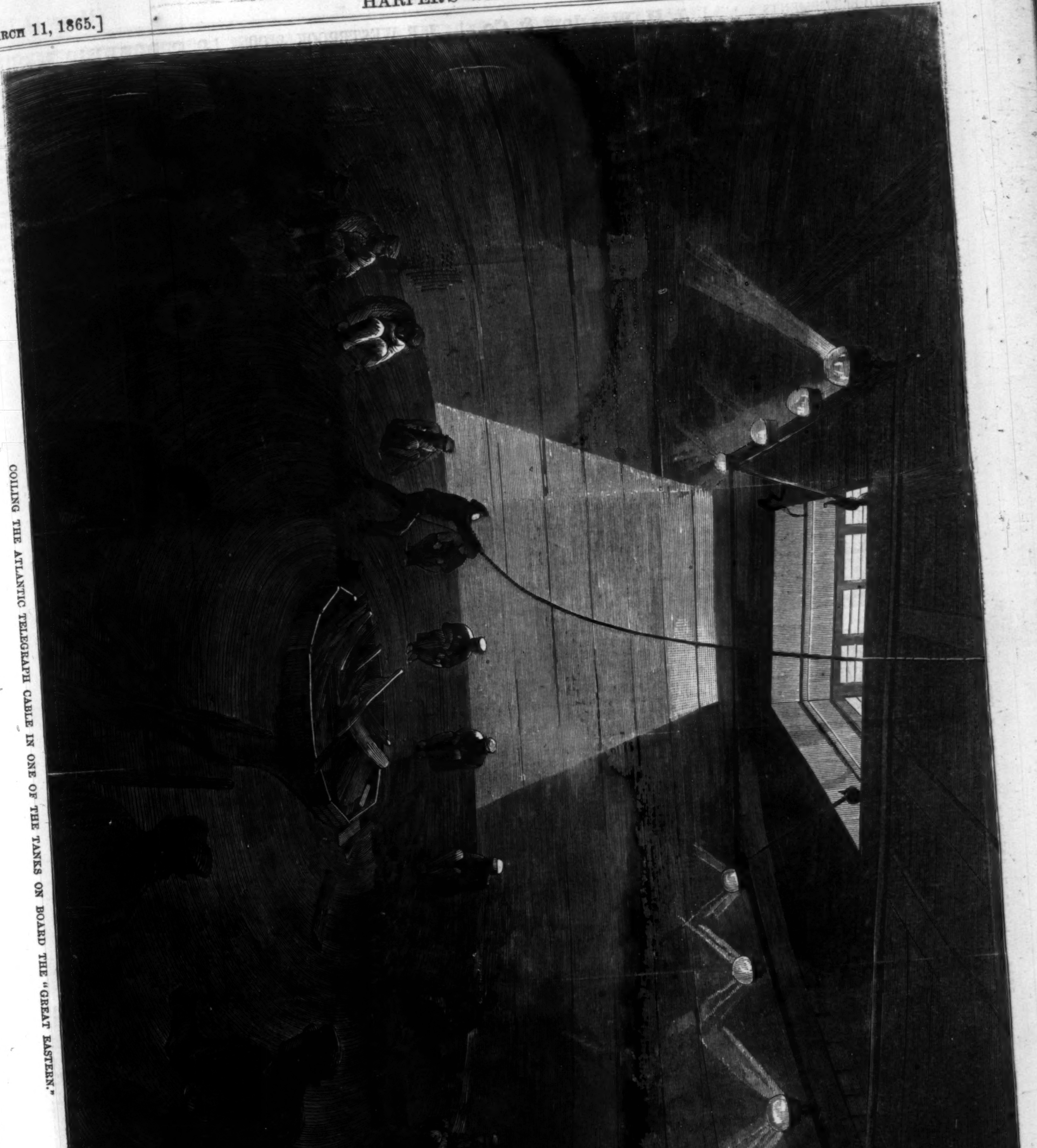


THE "GREAT EASTERN" IN THE MEDWAY RECEIVING THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH CABLE.

THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH CABLE.

We give on this and the next page two illustrations—one representing the *Great Eastern* lying in the Medway, and receiving the Atlantic Telegraph Cable from one of the hulks employed to bring it from the manufacturers' yard at East Greenwich; the other showing the manner in which the cable is coiled and stowed away on board the *Great Eastern*. That mighty vessel, "hugest of all that swim the ocean deep," has undergone an internal transformation to fit her for her new duties as a cable-ship. The great object was to get as few coils of cable as possible—in fact, if possible, to have it all in one. Large, however, as the *Great Eastern* is, she could never hold the Atlantic Cable in one coil, for, apart from its weight, which is 5000 tons, its bulk in one mass would be gigantic—a coil 58 feet in diameter and nearly 60 feet high, enough to fill Astley's Theatre from the ground of the circus almost to the roof. It is disposed, therefore, in three circular tanks—one aft, one amidships, and one forward. Each of these tanks is of solid wrought iron, water-tight, built on what is called the 30-foot deck, and, with some minute differences, all are nearly alike in size—viz., 58 feet diameter and 20 feet high. The forward tank is, from the shape of the ship, smaller in diameter than those amidships and aft, but the heights of all are alike. This tank is shown in the engraving on our next page, with the first portion of the cable. In order to sustain the enormous additional weight which will be placed on the decks when the whole of the cable is on board, the deck on which the tanks are erected is strengthened by a system of knees and deck-beams, while the lateral pressure of the cable against the sides of the tanks will be overcome by an arrangement of beams and supports, with the object of confining the dead weight of the cable to the centre of the ship, and overcoming all outward pressure.

The work of shipping the cable was begun on Thursday, the 19th ult., and will continue without intermission now until nearly the end of May, by which time it is hoped all will be coiled away snugly on board the great steamship. The total quantity of rope required to connect Valentia with Bull's Bay, Newfoundland, allowing for the "slack" which must run out to prevent too great a strain on the cable, is about 2300 nautical, or nearly 2700 statute miles. With this length a liberal margin is given of nearly 600 statute miles of rope for slack caused by currents, possible rough weather, and the avoidance of any thing like unusual strain on the cable in the deepest water. Over one part of the route the depth is as great as from 2000 to 2500 fathoms, or nearly three statute miles—a depth, however, which is only considered of moment in case of rough weather in paying out, the mere strength of the cable being sufficient to bear its own weight in eleven miles of still water. In this respect—as, indeed, in all others—the new cable has an enormous superiority over the old and ill-used rope which was first laid, and which, to the amazement of all those who knew its real condition, nevertheless remained in fair working order for a few days. In size, in strength, in better condition, better insulation, and better outer covering, the new rope is never less than three times as good as the old one, while in many cases, and these the most important, its superiority is four or five times greater. Though a much larger cable, its weight in water per mile is less than half that of its unfortunate predecessor, its breaking strain is 7¾ tons against 3¼ tons, the maximum strength of the old rope. The method of joining up the two-mile lengths in which it is constructed is also a great improvement upon the soldered joints in the wires of the first cable, while the standards for insulation and "conductivity" are as high as those devised for the Persian Gulf cable, and the tests are continuous in every portion of the manufacture.



COILING THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH CABLE IN ONE OF THE TANKS ON BOARD THE "GREAT EASTERN."

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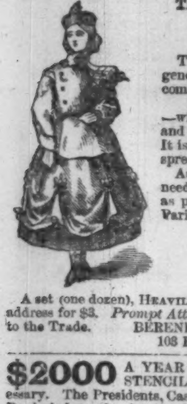

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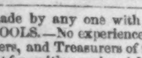

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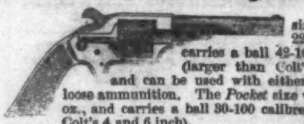

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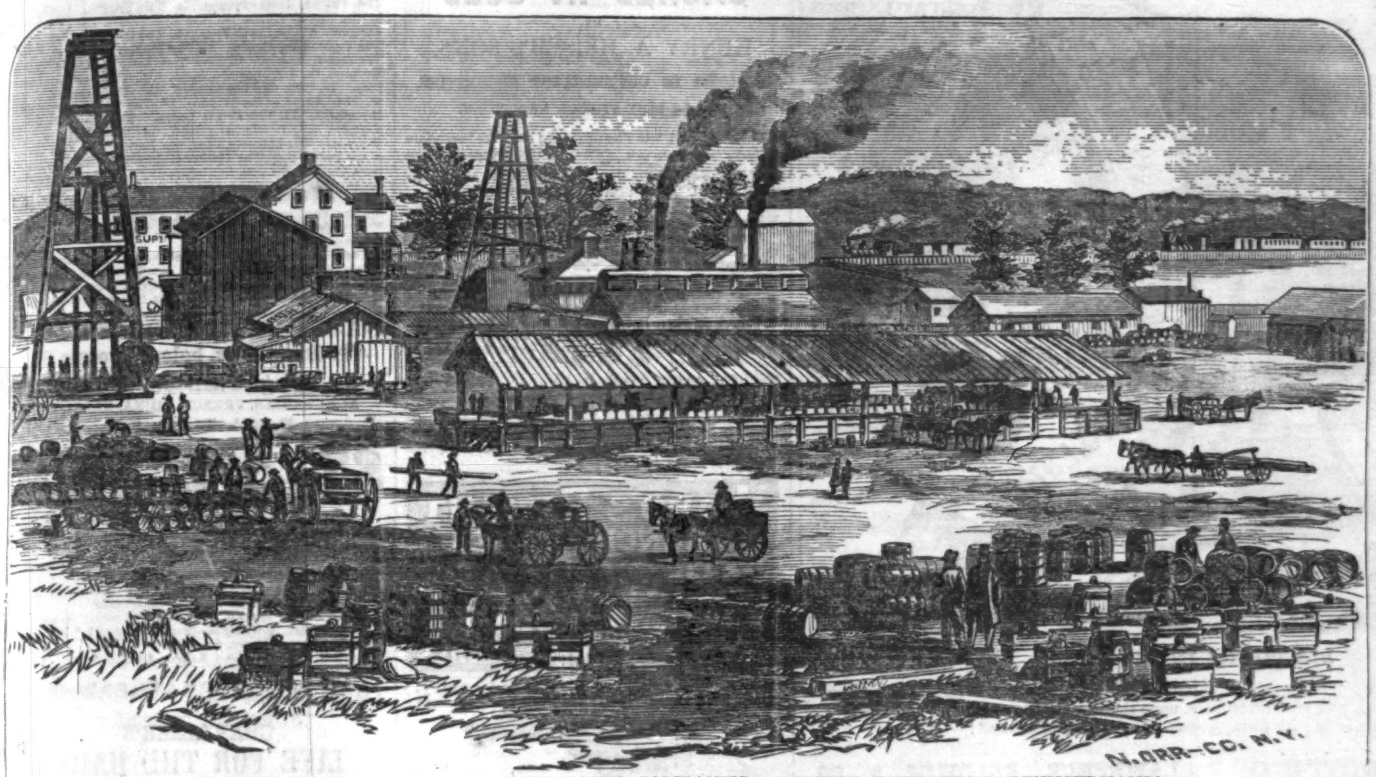

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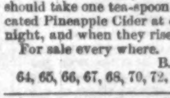

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